J. Edgar Hoover Meets the Godfather
The Prince of Wales Meets Tricia

NATIONAL LAMPOON

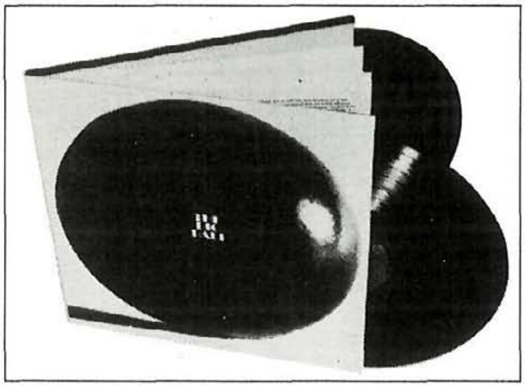
IND TM

DEC. 1970 THE HUMOR MAGAZINE 75¢



12 Free Christmas Presents Inside!
Gahan Wilson's Christmas Horrors

Warner/Reprise Announces Its Biggest Bargain: THE BIG BALL



Over 20 outstanding record artists meet in an all-new and grossly underpriced ($2) two-record set.


ARLO GUTHRIE


THE GRATEFUL DEAD


NEIL YOUNG


THE MOTHERS OF INVENTION


JETHRO TULL


JAMES TAYLOR


FLEETWOOD MAC


THE KINKS


DION


PENTANGLE


JOHN SEBASTIAN


ERIC ANDERSEN

All the artists whose beauty you can see above, plus lots more (like Gordon Lightfoot, Tim Buckley, Ed Sanders of the Fugs, the Muldaurs, the Fifth Avenue Band...) are giving up their royalties to bring you THE BIG BALL. What this means is that for two bucks you can get mailed to your home, hovel, or box a classy two-record album, 28 stereo selections crammed with good musical things on four full sides, all new stuff for 1970.

With unaccustomed grace, Warner/Reprise is not making a buck on any of this. In supermarkets this sort of thing is called a loss leader, but in the record biz it's a very suspicious thing to do. Anyway...

There's only one way to get THE BIG BALL: by mail. No retail merchants. No stores. No markups. Should you be justifiably wary of mail order hypes, we can't blame you. We have, however, a happy history of doing good by mail. THE BIG BALL's two ancestors, SONGBOOK and RECORD SHOW, were sent to a whole lot of satisfied orderers-by-mail in 1969. (In case you missed those previous epics, we provide you with their pictures and order form here.)



RECORD SHOW: Two LPs featuring Jethro Tull, Peter, Paul & Mary, Kinks, Mothers of Invention, Joni Mitchell, Neil Young, Van Dyke Parks and lots of others.



SONGBOOK: Two full albums starring Jimi Hendrix, Arlo Guthrie, Everly Bros., Pentangle, Fugs, Sweetwater and a host more.

About one of these epics some long-haired creep from Richmond, Virginia wrote us, "Got your Songbook and Record Show things. Well, I finally found a record company that gives a damn. Bless your hearts."

We have a hunch he was right. There's only one way you can find out if the good fairy is still breathing. It's called the nearby coupon...

That done, we'll send you our extravagant BIG BALL set, featuring such delights as:

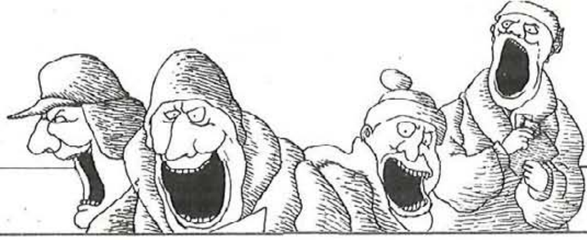
- One of John Sebastian's brand-newest songs.
- James Tayor's title track from his new album—"Sweet Baby James."
- Fleetwood Mac's fantastic "Oh Well."
- A released-only-in-England Kinks song.
- Pentangle's new version of classic oldie, "Sally Go Round the Roses."
- And about 23 other lovelies...

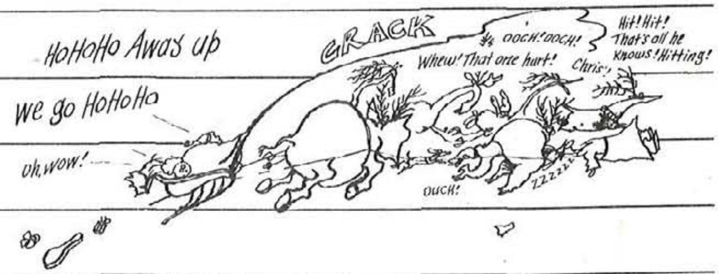
THE BIG BALL (plus such others as you have the cash for) will then be got to you as fast as the clowns in our mail room can pull it all together.

To: THE BIG BALL • Room 208
Warner Bros. Records, Burbank, Ca. 91505
Dear Big Ball:
Please send me what I've checked, and do it as fast as you can:
☐ THE BIG BALL LP ($2)
☐ RECORD SHOW LP ($2)
☐ SONGBOOK LP ($2)
Name ____________
Address ____________
____
Make checks payable to Warner Bros. Records

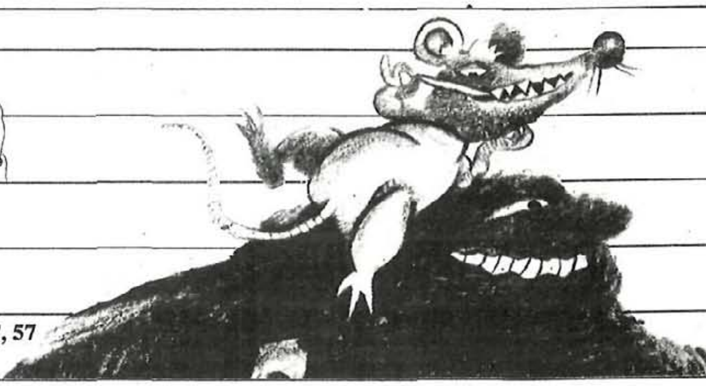
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RCA
SHARE THE LAND
THE GUESS WHO
VICTOR
SHARE THE LAND
THE GUESS WHO
RCA Records and Tapes

NATIONAL LAMPOON



EDITORIAL

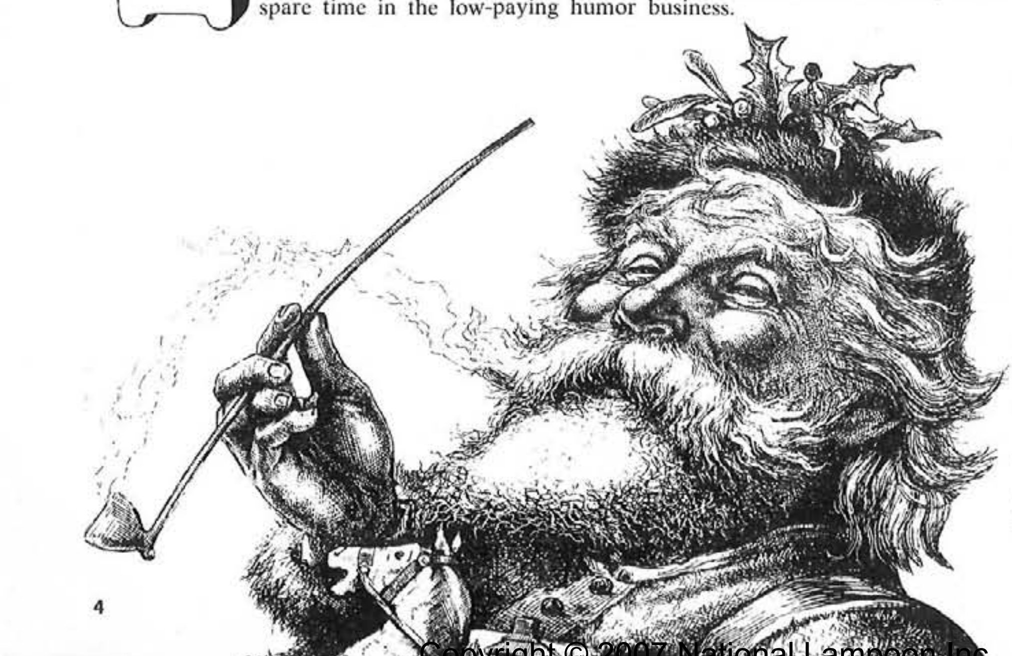
Yes, Virginia, there is a San Clemente.

That's right, V., and don't let any addled adults or grown-up grocers of give-in-ism talk you out of it, either (if they persist, get their names). On Christmas Eve, as you lay snugly tucked away in bed with your copy of *Six Crises* and your favorite .38, you'll hear the merry choppachoppa-choppa of his sleigh and his hearty cry, "Ho ho ho, you bums!" And if you go quick-like-a-rabbit on tippie-tiptoes and hide behind the sofa, you'll be in time to see him kick down your front door and rush in with his reindeer. They'll go all through the house with a fine-tooth-comb and they won't leave a mouse unturned, so if you've got something "funny" hidden away, you'd better start packing your bags for a long stay at the North Pole.

But if you're clean, Old St. Nix will turn to one of his reindeer and ask, "Well, has she been a nattering little nabob this year? A pusillanimous pussyfooter? A radic-lib?" Then the reindeer will take off his love beads, dark glasses and antlers and hand him a fat list. And St. Nix will check it about 50 times and finally he'll say, "No, she's a real American. She's in back of our boys, she doesn't protest, she keeps her nose clean and goes easy on the mascara. . . . She gets the goodies!" Then, he'll reach into his bag and stuff your stocking with footballs and construction hats and a million little American flags. When he's finished, they'll all slip outside and get back in the sleigh, and in the distance you'll hear, "Merry Christmas to all, and to all a Turn Right!"

That's the whole story, V., and if anybody asks you who fed you this line, just tell him, "I read it in the *Atlantic Monthly*," or, "Gee, it was in one of those underground newspapers." I mean, Jesus, V., have you ever *been* to the North Pole? —HNB

Cover: This month's refutation of the Law of Supply and Demand is by Joe Orlando, comic-book artist ("Whitehouse Heartbreak," "The Secret of San Clemente" and, with Peter Bramley, "College Concert Cutups"). Orlando broke into the comic-art field after the bottom dropped out of the Cloverine Brand Slave Market and has since made small money in his spare time in the low-paying humor business.



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Photo by Bob Pike

Little Doug Kenney will go to bed hungry tonight.

. . . unless *you* help. Raised in a small village called by the natives "Ohio," Doug has never had the things that your children have had. He was 10 years old before he owned a pair of Florsheim shoes, he was almost 20 before he had his first ride in a Lincoln Continental, and his parents were too poor to send him to a fancy Swiss private school like his playmates. He has never tasted caviar. . . .

Won't you find it in your heart to join the *National Lampoon* Foster Subscription Program? It costs only pennies a day and can do so much. If you buy a one-year subscription, little Doug Kenney can have a crust of bread and a cup of milk every day. A two-year subscription will send him to school, where he will learn to read, write and play polo. A lifetime subscription will enable him to throw an entire coming-out party for his less fortunate friends in the south of France.

Just $5.95 will give you a year of reading pleasure.

And little Doug will love you.

Subscribe, dammit!

The National Lampoon, Dept. NL 1270
635 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022

Yes, I want to help those less fortunate than myself *and* subscribe to the *National Lampoon*.

I enclose my check ☐ money order ☐

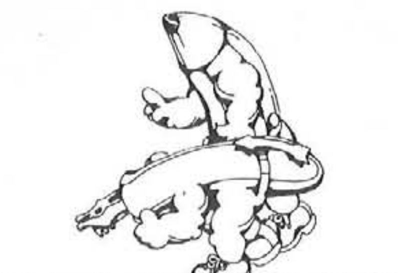
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Please be sure to include your correct zip code number



LETTERS

Sirs:

Last night I caught my little Harvey reading your stomach-turning magazine under the covers with a flashlight. If you think I'm going to stand idly by and let him be perverted by your throw-up publication, you are barking up the wrong mother!

Besides, the flashlight keeps me awake all night long.

Edith Spencer
Nashville, Tenn.

Sirs:

I want to thank you for your August *Paranoia* issue. Your lighthearted spoofs on the average guy's silly fears and neuroses made me chuckle. Keep up the good work!

Richard Speck
Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:

Call the roller of big cigars, the muscular one, and bid him whip in kitchen cups concupiscent curds. Let the wenches dawdle in such dress as they are used to wear, and let the boys bring flowers in last month's newspapers. Let be be finale of seem.

The only emperor is the emperor of ice cream.

W. Stevens
Hartford, Conn.

Sirs:

As president of the United Brotherhood of Cigar Rollers, Local #43, I am hereby registering our organization's extreme displeasure at the preceding letter in which Mr. W. Stevens implies that our members should be called upon to perform work assignments appropriate only to members of the Benevolent Federation of Concupiscent Curd Whippers.

Our Brotherhood has had to fight tooth and nail for years to attain our rightful recognition from the pinchpenny tobacco industry bosses, and the implication that our skilled workmen may be casually lumped together with the likes of ill-dressed wenches is not only a gratuitous slur but a dangerous attack upon the entire American tradition of collective bargaining.

Albert Wyzanski
McLean, Va.

Sirs:

We of the National Association of Retail Florists (charter subscribers to Western Union's Interflora Service) cannot but take exception to the recently intimated suggestion that our freshly picked blossoms are delivered in (and I quote) "last month's newspapers." The N.A.R.F. prides itself on that fact that every bloom is carefully wrapped in double thicknesses of specially treated sani-brite triple-coated wax paper, guaranteed against heat, cold, rain, stain and low-yield atomic explosions.

Needless to say, unless a full retraction is printed herewith, our attorneys are poised to wreak havoc upon your publication and your irresponsible, weed-loving Mr. Stevens.

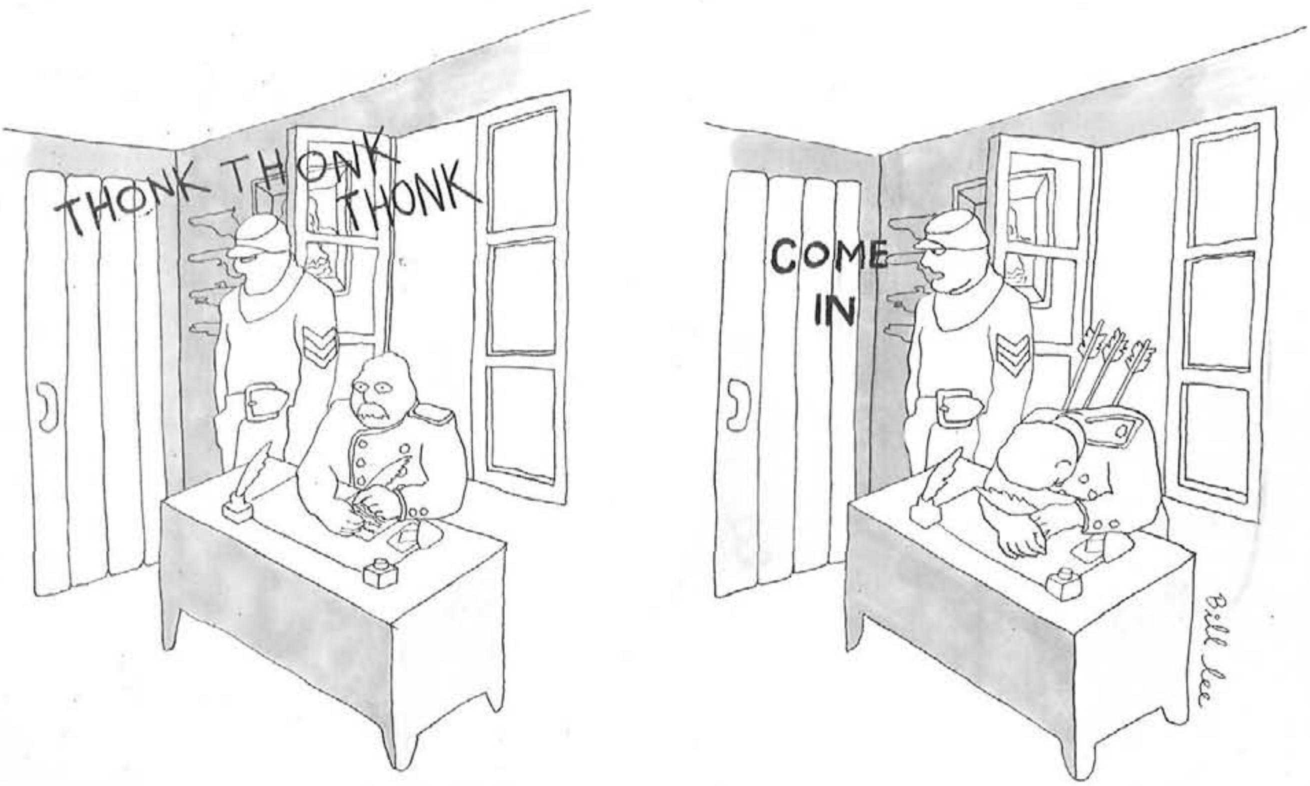
A. M. Patterson
Patterson, N.J.

Sirs:

So, "the only emperor is the emperor of ice cream," eh? Well, we here in Ethiopia don't cotton much to such revolutionary twaddle. Since long before the days when we vainly sought aid from a scoffing League of Nations against the Fascist invaders, we have fought against those who would spread anarchy and oppression over our ancient lands.

I respectfully suggest that the editors of your magazine kiss off.

Haile Selassie
Lion of Judea
Addis Ababa, Ethiopia




The Puppets
Dear Sirs,
You are too much! You took an ordinary president and vice-president, and you made something of them. You made exquisite hand-painted puppets!
Look at those faces! Those eyes! You got crack political satirist Rick Meyerowitz to capture every subtle shade of their characters, and then you froze those expressions in durable vinyl.
You are geniuses!
Your puppets are Patriotic! Educational! Beautiful!
And so am I. So naturally I want them.
I'll pay the going rate of $5.00 each, $9 the pair. I'll add $1 for postage and handling. I know you won't do it C.O.D., so I'm enclosing $______ for ____Nixons and ____Agnews.
And thanks, for making available to every American, from sea to shining sea, regardless of race, color, creed, sex, height, or political persuasion, the gift idea of a lifetime.
Mail to: Twenty-First Century Communications, Inc.
Dept. NLP, 635 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.
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ADDRESS______
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News of the Month



In the light of continued revelations of cost-overruns on the C5 Galaxie, this recently discovered fragment from a Dead Sea Scroll or a Chesapeake Bay Crab, I forget which, is quite interesting:

TO: Procurement, the Pentateuch

"Re Your Commandment of the 14th, our Covenant 6:7:14, authorizing construction and procurement of a prototype long-range, all-weather transport, we have encountered some short-run difficulties inherent in covenants of this sort, requiring as they do a high reliance on state-of-the-art techniques. Basically, the present situation is the direct result of delivering, with inadequate lead-time and concurrent with a favorable launch-window, a hitherto untested, rain-activated, bulk carrier vessel with a random-drift capability, a 40-day/night loiter time, and an initial lift and free-float payload capacity sufficient to carry every living thing by twos. Further difficulties have been encountered in obtaining sufficient quantities of high-grade gopher wood, owing to lapses in quality control; in dealing with the Cubitic measuring system; and in fixing viable species modules avoiding lion-lamb interfaces. As a result of these difficulties, we are faced with a deferred delivery date and an escalation of prototype cost to 100,000,000 bullocks. This of course exceeds our original estimate, but it reflects . . ."

A new and very powerful radio source has been detected in the recently discovered Galaxy KTP-109. Dubbed a "bogar" by its discoverer, Dr. Helmut Tengel, who discovered the new galaxy, the object is emitting cosmic hiss, hourly traffic reports, and talk shows in the lower part of the AM radio band. In the course of visual observations, Tengel discovered a unique pulsing red shift, and has come to the conclusion that the object is the source of quasi-intelligent life.

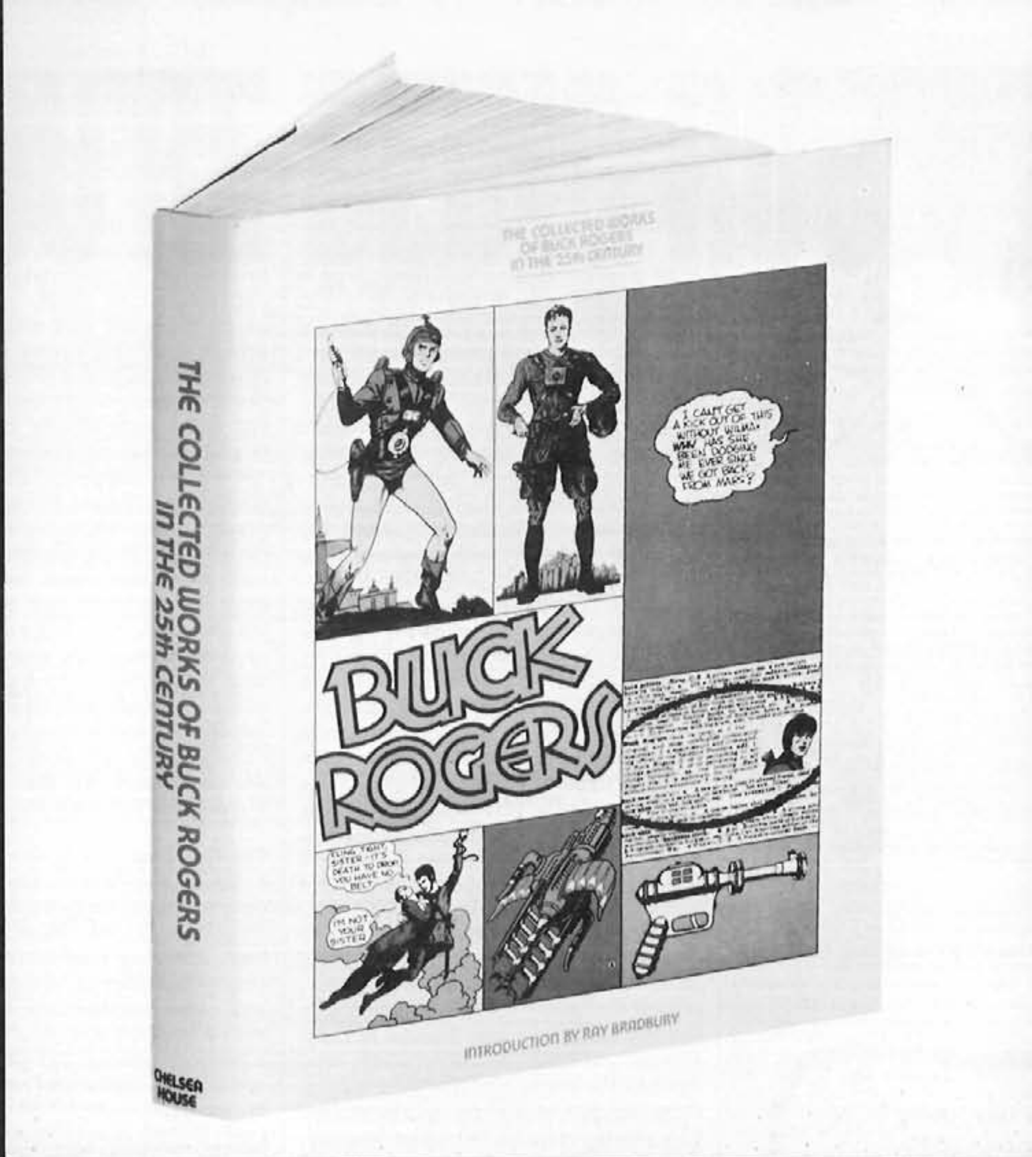
During the lengthy and pointless debate on the wisdom of the United States' building a supersonic passenger plane to compete with the British-French Concorde and the Russian Super Samovar, some very important questions have gone completely unasked:

1. Will the airstrips at Havana, Amman, Pyongyang and Cairo have to be lengthened?
2. In cases where the aircraft is due to arrive before it left, will the delay occur before passengers reach the airport? Will the SST leave holding patterns before it enters them?
3. Will luggage intended for Los Angeles get to Brazil before it is packed?
4. Have the airline companies made arrangements to obtain from television networks their special cut down versions of movies with the scenes deleted where the hero explains why he is gunning for Mesquite Sam, or how the Giant Clams got to be so big, or how he is going to take Hitler's Bunker with a pair of pliers and a can of paste wax?
5. Have special Speed Boring classes been prepared for airline captains to allow them to convey important information on the location of buoys and the Principle of Drag during these shortened flights?
6. If the planes are to be operated only over water, will the dream of a canal from Trenton to Oakland at last be realized?
7. Will the President be authorized an SST for his use, and, if so, will his opposition be allowed equal time for sonic booms?

There is a new restaurant in New York City, sure to be the first weak link in a coming chain, called Autopub. It is located, appropriately enough, at the foot (or gas pedal) of the General Motors Building, and it features exclusive dining in actual automobiles. As if that weren't depressing enough, it is completely filled with Detroitia, costs as much for a meal as a tanker full of the stuff that sends your car hurtling through paper screens and, because it is located in a sort of pit filled with algae tanks that is some architect's idea of a pedestrian's wet dream, has the highest carbon monoxide count this side of Fred Astaire's garage in *On the Beach*. Coming from the same people are: **La Laundromat,** where you can enjoy any number of lint-free dishes while seated in an oversize washer-dryer combination in a spin-dry cycle; **Billy Kidney's Original Water Closet,** where you squat on deluxe commodes and eat hot and cold Slush out of real porcelain sinks; **Cafe Frigidaire-Tappanhaus,** where, depending on the season, you eat left-overs in a huge butter dish or lick grease from the walls of your own personal oven; **Manny's Dial Tone,** where you order by phone from your booth, pay through the coin box (please have exact change), and suck odd delicacies from the coin return slot; and **Dentali's,** where expert oral technicians force tidbits down your throat as you recline in old-time dentist's chairs. Bon appetit . . . Gut Appetit, or what have you.

The apparent success of the new "Beyond-the-Beneath-the" technique for bringing back from the dead successful movies (it still requires enormous amounts of electricity, the silent loyalty

(continued)



BUCK ROGERS LIVES!

Now, the collected works of Buck Rogers in the 25th Century! Published at $15, yours through this special offer at only $6.95.

Comic strip fans and space buffs will revel in this fantastic selection from 40 years of Buck Rogers comic strips starting in 1929. Over 1,000 of them have been reproduced here in color and monochrome on 400 pages. A massive 11″ x 14″ volume.

If you're a comic strip fan, this collector's delight may hurl you into the past rather than the future; the past of childhood fantasies, of atomic disintegrator guns and Buck Rogers speed sleds. Welcome to the world of the 25th Century!

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY RAY BRADBURY.

Mail this coupon today-save $8.05.

New Spectrum Books, Dept. 12, Box 965,
F.D.R. Post Office Station,
New York, New York 10022

Add 35¢ per book for shipping charges.

Sales Tax: For delivery in Manhattan, add 5%. For delivery elsewhere in New York State, add 2%.

Please send me **THE COLLECTED WORKS OF BUCK ROGERS IN THE 25th CENTURY.** I enclose my check ☐ money order ☐ for $6.95 plus shipping charges and tax.

Name____________________________

Address__________________________

City__________ **State**____ **Zip Code**____

(continued)

of a host of Eastern European body snatchers and miles of sewer pipe) suggests some upcoming films in the *Son of the Incredible Turkey* category: *Beneath the Valley of the Dolls*, starring Sally Centerfold, Greta Gutter, Barbara Fleshpedal, and introducing Tom Dacron. Imagine how startled Vera Godown is to discover that an enormous orgy is taking place beneath her very feet during the enormous orgy taking place at the level of her feet (Tom Dacron plays a foot-fetishist). There's nothing to do but investigate. With the aid of a dumbwaiter (Ernest Borgnine), they descend into the weird world of Underthing, populated by walk-ons imprisoned during a freak studio closing. The rest is history: *Behind the Set of Beneath the Planet of the Apes*, with Charlton Heston, Suzy Lectrolux and Mary Mannikin. Gee, the sets in *Beneath the Planet of the Apes* looked an awful lot like fused kitty litter, you don't suppose they concealed some strange goings-on? Once they have cut their way through the sets, Charlton Heston and friends discover an odd race of mutants shifting scenery, pointing lights and smoking cigars. It's a vicious battle for percentages and pieces of gross, and the future hangs in the balance. *Before One Million B.C.*, with Ursula Andress, Flipper, Lassie and Eisaku Sato. Arriving in 1,000,001 B.C., Ursula Andress and Eisaku Sato have to slug it out with enormous clumps of moss, huge acorns and fierce killer-shrubs. It's touch and touch and touch and go until, suddenly, Ursula Andress appears at 1,000,000 B.C. sharp, and through the miracle of the split screen, there are two of Ursula, as big as *Life* (21 weeks, only $2,38). Also coming, *Two Years Beneath the Mast, Back with the Wind* and, for no particular reason, *Beach Blanket Transplant*.

The successful passage of the Nixon Administration's sweeping District of Columbia "No Knock" Crime Bill, which makes it legal for policemen who can find "probable cause," "threat to evidence," or the telltale drip, drip, drip of stomach acid, to enter an abode (similar to a house but occupied by hippies, left-wingers and bed wetters) without knocking, suggests some other soon-to-be-enacted anti crime provisions. In addition to knock-and-shoot (previously reported in these pages by Punji), consideration is being given to: No-Crossies, which allows police to question without lawyers defendants who appear to be holding back vital information; Stop-and-Spit, which permits expectoration on suspicious passersby to test their potentially disruptive hostilities; Kiss-and-Tell, a self-explanatory provision for underground policewomen; and Go Fish, which gives police the power to enter a specified number of houses at random each day to see what they can find.

The announcement of plans to build two more 100 story-plus skyscrapers in Chicago, one of them taller than both the Empire State Building and the yet unfinished World Trade Center, brought a sharp reaction from Local 248 of the Amalgamated Beasts, Horrors and Blobs of America. Complaining of the trend towards urban landmarks that are drab and difficult to climb or destroy, the group predicted that within five years, foreign countries, chiefly Japan, with its flimsy TV towers and cheesy postwar office structures, would extend their present dominance of the lucrative catastrophe market to a virtual monopoly. "When that happens," added the Brain from Planet Arous, spokesman for the group, "there are going to be a lot of out-of-work Things around, and I'm sure nobody is crazy about that." The Brain went on to present a list of non-negotiable demands, including a crash program of suspension bridge and dam construction; modification of present skyscraper plans to include gargoyles, setbacks and handholds; and a vigorous promotional campaign to publicize such existing drawing cards as the Seattle Space Needle and Denver's Mile High Center.

The first crop of Christmas items is in. Some of the cream: Linda Kesabian's *Soup to Nuts, Recipes for a Large Family; Songs of Old Saigon*, a holiday album featuring Captain Ernest Medina singing a medley of Vietnamese lullabies and radio commercials; Hugh Addonizio's *Christmas Prayer; Courtroom Art*, a portfolio selected by William Kunstler; and Ralph Ginzburg's *Erotic Illuminated Manuscripts*.

Recent medical breakthroughs, heightened awareness of the population problem in general and an apparent trend toward smaller families has led to increased interest in pre-conception sex determination. A new handbook from the Center for Family Determination lists several widely accepted methods for achieving the desired result:

1. Patronize orphanages and baby lots.
2. Dispose of unwanted progeny promptly.
3. Discuss the problem frankly with "difficult" children at the earliest possible date.
4. Be firm. Make it clear to children who seem to be heading in the wrong direction that you are not going to tolerate any nonsense.
5. Use auto-suggestion techniques. Drop comments like, "I see where they're making little girls into dog food" or "Boys throw up a lot."
6. Explain what happens to unwanted children. Put up travel posters of North Korea.
7. As a last resort, take the child to see the *Christine Jorgensen Story*.

YOU'RE BEING ROBBED!

Virtually every time that you spend money, whether at the supermarket, department store, drugstore, or gas station, you're being ROBBED! You're being duped, hoodwinked, and swindled out of the full value of your money by a combination of deceptive selling techniques that include Madison Avenue double-talk, mendacious salesmanship, and insidious labeling and packaging ploys. Senator Warren Magnuson, the most alert consumer watchdog in Congress, says that deceptive selling is today's "most serious form of theft, accounting for more dollars lost each year than robbery, larceny, auto thefts, embezzlement, and forgery combined." Sidney Margolius, the dean of American consumer writers, asserts that "Never in the 30 years I have been reporting on consumer problems has the public been as widely and steadily exploited as today." And Ralph Nader, the nation's most renowned champion of consumer rights, states that "Nowadays consumers are being manipulated and defrauded not just by marginal,fly-by-night hucksters, but by America's blue-chip business firms." In short, commercial flimflammery is rife throughout the nation and the American consumer is being victimized as never before. As a partial antidote to this widespread fraud and deception, an intrepid, authoritative, new publication has been launched. Its name is **Moneysworth.**

Moneysworth, as its name implies, aims to see that you get full value for the money you spend. It rates competitive products as to best buys (as among cameras, hi-fi's, automobiles, and the like); it offers tips on how to save money (they will *astound* you with their ingenuity); and it counsels you on the management of your personal finances (telling not only how to gain maximum return on your investments and savings, but also how to protect your money against the ravages of inflation). In short, **Moneysworth** is your own personal consumer crusader, trusted stockbroker, and chancellor of the exchequer—all in one.

Perhaps the best way to describe Moneysworth for you is to list the kinds of articles it prints:

Earn 12% on Your Savings (Fully Insured)

How to Buy A Car for $125 Over Dealer's Cost

Inaccurate Billing by the Phone Company

The Advantages of a Swiss Banking Account

The New U.S.-Made Minicars: An Evaluation

14 Recession-Wracked Cities Where Real Estate Is Selling for a Pittance

"Consuming Fire"— **Moneysworth** takes aim at companies that are defrauding the public.

Unsafe at Any Height—A comparison of the safety records of America's airlines.

A Consumer's Guide to Marijuana

Free Land and Free Money from Uncle Sam

Stocks that Are on the Rebound

Send Your Child to College Abroad

The Moneysworth Co-operative—Details of a price-discount co-op (for purchasing typewriters, cameras, and the like) that **Moneysworth** subscribers automatically become members of.

How Much Are You Worth?—An amazingly simple chart gives you the answer in 60 seconds.

High-Priced Lemons— Mechanical failures on brand-new Imperials,Continentals, and Cadillacs.

The Link Between Heart Attack and Coffee

The Economics of Being Black

Cashing In on Canada's New "Floating" Dollar

Cyclamates: Did America Overreact?

How to Buy Art Without Getting Framed

Critics' Consensus—A regular feature of **Moneysworth** in which the opinions of leading book, record, and film critics are tabulated.

Providing Your Teenager with Contraception

"Unit-Pricing"—The most revolutionary development in food stores since trading stamps.

The Effect of Air Pollution on Potency

The Great Odometer Gyp—How rent-a-car companies take the American public for a $10-million-a-year ride.

"No Load" Mutual Funds—A list of 45 funds that return the equivalent of an 8% profit at the very moment of investment.

12 Ways to Put the Touch on Friends—And 12 ways to demur.

How to Buy Medical Insurance Without Trauma

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The editors of **Moneysworth** are a team of hard-nosed, experienced journalists. The editor-in-chief is Ralph Ginzburg, creator of the flamboyant magazines Fact, Eros, and Avant-Garde. Mr. Ginzburg was the first editor to provide a platform for Ralph Nader to express himself on the subject of automobile safety. **Moneysworth's** publisher is Frank R. Brady, generally regarded as one of the publishing industry's shrewdest financiers. Herb Lubalin, the world's foremost graphic designer, is **Moneysworth's** art director. Together, these men will produce the first—and only—consumer magazine with *charisma.*

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Cartomancy ('kärd· ə ,man(t)sē) n.; F. cartomancie. The art of fortune-telling by means of playing cards.

December 1, 1970 (*Queen of Rock*) Apparently unconcerned over recent reports linking hallucinogenic drugs to birth defects, acid rock cult heroine **Gracie Slick** is admitted to L.A. County Hospital's maternity ward. Six hours later, doctors emerge to announce that Miss Slick has just given birth to a healthy, 9-pound wirehaired terrier.

December 3, 1970 (*Ace of Detroit*) **Bowie Kuhn,** dapper Commissioner of Baseball, announces today that he is extending the suspension of motor city bad boy **Denny McLain** through the end of the 1989 baseball season. When challenged by McLain's lawyer, the Commissioner discloses that new information has come to his attention implicating the Tiger moundsman in a Detroit bookmaking operation, theft of atom bomb secrets and the kidnapping of the Lindbergh baby.

December 5, 1970 (*Queen of the Hop*) **Tricia Nixon** invites a nationwide television audience into the White House to join the First Family in celebrating Christmas Eve. The high point of the evening comes near midnight, when a tall pudgy man in a Santa Claus suit drops down the chimney and begins distributing presents to the assembled Nixon clan. Unwilling to identify himself, "Santa" would only say that it has been his lifelong dream to spend Christmas in the White House, and he was "pleased as punch" to be there.

December 9, 1970 (*Discard*) Adding to rumors of NATO nuptials, **Bebe Rebozo** appears on annual Queen's Honours List as recipient of a life peerage. Reluctantly refusing the honor because of a clause in the Constitution which makes it illegal for Americans to receive titles, normally tight-lipped Rebozo sighs: "I liked the sound of Bebe, Lord Biscayne."

December 13, 1970 (*Carte Blanche*) At the 1,456th session of Paris peace talks, North Vietnamese delegates reject latest American proposal for a coalition government for South Vietnam, determined under a Column A-Column B election system, calling it "a recipe for the devourment of Vietnam." Rejoins American Ambassador **David K. E. Bruce,** "People who live in old bottles shouldn't throw new wine."

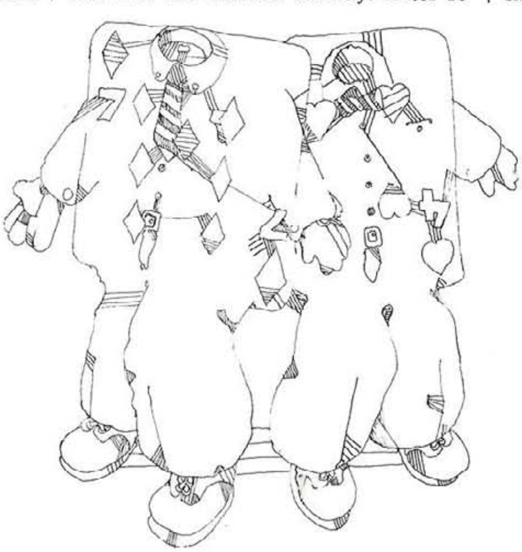
December 15, 1970 (*Queen of Dials*) Telephone Princess **Martha Mitchell** wakes up 12 newspaper editors with a 4 A.M. conference call. Says Martha: "I'm calling from under the bed so I have to whisper. John's been talking in his sleep, and he says he's going to jail everyone under 35, close down half the newspapers and get Hoover nominated to the Supreme Court. So there." After a pause, she adds: "He also says he's never going to eat pecan pie and fried clams before bed again."

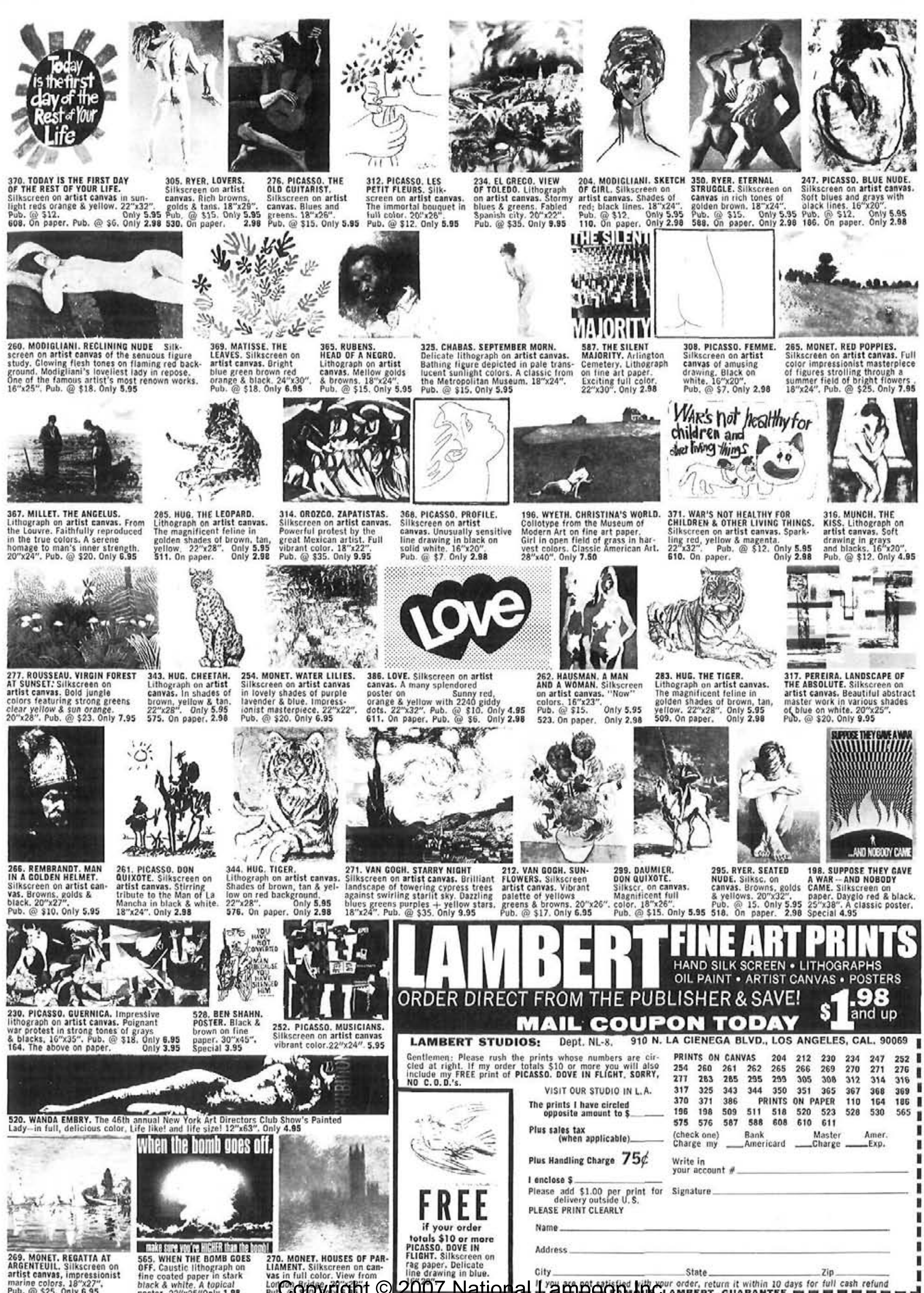
December 19, 1970 (*Red 3's*) In England for a cultural exchange tour, half the cast of the Bolshoi Ballet production of *Swan Lake*, including Prima Ballerina **Terenya Ferelnikov,** 17 swans and a lily pad dance up the aisle, out the door and into the London subway. After receiving asylum, Miss Ferelnikov says, "I like your fish. Also, your chips." Unperturbed, the Soviet Cultural Bureau replaces the ballet with a hammer dance and a half dozen performing clams.

December 22, 1970 (*Press Card*) Following in the still-warm footsteps of onetime fellow anchorman Chet Huntley, **David Brinkley** announces his intentions to retire from broadcasting "momentarily" to manage a nationwide chain of Pizza Huts. Says Brinkley: "Unlike some pizza chains – and these places are not as alike as two pizzas in a pod – to repeat, unlike the others, we will have *all* the flavors: mushroom, anchovy, tomato, sausage, cheese, what have you. People like them, so we'll have them. And that's all there is to it."

December 24, 1970 (*King of the Sea*) After several months of intensive reexamination, the Provisional High Court of Greece completely exonerates **Stavros Niarchos** of complicity in his wife's death. The Court concludes that, "Although it is unusual for a lady of fashion to carry a pair of garden shears in her spleen, bullet holes cannot be considered uncommon in a woman of her age."

December 25, 1970 (*Union Jack*) In a startling TV coup, high-powered TV host **David Frost** has entire British Royal Family on his popular interview show. All goes well until sharp-witted Frost remarks to taciturn Queen Mother, "You haven't been talking very much this evening." Remarks Royal Ma, "If I wanted to talk to a turd, I'd install a telephone in my toilet." □





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Mrs. Agnew's Diary



Dear Diary,

What a bracing day it is in Washington! The chilly fingers of Old Man Winter walk among the leafless cherry trees on tiptoe, and from my kitchen I can hear the icy breath of Mr. North Wind whistling his tinkly tune in our eaves. Out the window I see Jack Frost painting the plastic geraniums with his silvery palette and sending shivers up and down wise old Mr. Lawn Flamingo. The wind howls, unheeded without . . . "ooooooo," he moans, *"oooooooooooo!"*

How's *that* for a beginning, dear Diary!? The nice man Mr. Cerf who corresponds with me from the Famous Writers' School says I should concentrate on my introductions. You know, sort of set the scene with the weather and what it's doing outside. Actually, it's not really doing anything. It's just sort of damp and icky, like it always is in Washington, but I was using what Mr. Cerf calls poetical license plates. He says it's a kind of fibbing that writers are allowed to get away with. (I just thought! Maybe Mel Laird's writer took the same course. That's a bit of luck because he can help me with my participles.)

Well, dear Diary, it's getting on toward the holiday season here, so Pat called up and asked me to go shopping for some party clothes with her. I at first said no, remembering how Spiggy told me not to go overboard with my Uni-Card again, but Pat said Martha was coming along, too, so I said okay, seeing as how I really don't get to see Pat socially as much as people think. (Pat has a lot of headaches and always seems to be washing her hair when I call. She must have the cleanest hair in Washington.)

I offered to have Juan pick Pat up in the Pontiac, but she said the bus was just as easy and much more sensible, what with the economy and all. Pat certainly is sensible, dear Diary, but sometimes I wonder if some people don't go a bit Overboard. Spiggy says Dick is so tight, he won't even give his wife a square meal, but I think he was only joking. Spiggy *does* say, though, that Dick *is* extremely conservative about spending money on clothes for himself, and once sent six suits back to Robert Hall's because they had buttons on the cuffs that really worked and the store wanted to charge extra.

Well, Pat finally arrived and we made small talk while we waited for Martha. (I must say, dear Diary, that Pat certainly is good at small talk.)

Finally, the doorbell rang and Martha appeared with a whole bunch of people with cameras and note pads and said that they were some people from *Life* magazine and would we mind if they sort of tagged along? Pat started to say she certainly *did* mind, but she stopped when they all started to giggle and scribble in their pads.

By the time we all boarded the bus there were 26 of us, counting those nice Secret Service boys. (I once asked Spiggy why Pat and Martha always get a dozen bodyguards or so and I only get two, but Spiggy said not to complain because *he* only gets *one*, and half the time he has to lend him to Hank Kissinger to bartend for his late nights at the office with his secretaries.)

As we boarded the bus, Martha and Pat got into an argument over whether to take the plunge on the new skirt length. Martha said she wanted to wear something expressive of her personality (and she didn't like one bit that brassy girl reporter's crack about "a little white coat"), but Pat said Dick had said the new length – they call it the "mini," I think – was definitely too-too, and if God had meant women to show their naked knees in public, Billy Graham's wife would have a closet full. Pat glanced over that girl reporter's shoulder and caught her writing "Mrs. Nixon nixes mini; ta-ta too-too tutu," and made her change it to "President's wife takes dim view of immoral fashions." But Martha

(continued)

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We've had an interview with rock critic and former MC5 producer Jon Landau; a hard-hats and students scorecard; a progress report on FM radio; Warhol tours by Tom Mancuso; and health columns by Lillian Roxon.

In the next few issues there'll be a report on Avatar Mel Lyman; predictions on John Lindsay; resurrections of old time rockers by Charlie Gillett; and our usual herd of record reviewers riding the pop plains.

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(continued)

piped up and the girl erased Pat's comment entirely and wrote, "Attorney-General's wife says hanging's too good for homosexual designers."

Well, as we were riding along, Martha noticed that the bus went right past Erlebacher's and Garfinkel's and didn't stop at Woodie's, or the Hecht Company, either. She got mad and said she wanted to know where the hell we were being taken. Pat didn't say anything except that she knew a nice place in Rockville where she gets all her things and if we were patient, we'd get a nice surprise. Well, dear Diary, I must say I was dubious. I've shopped in Washington for years and never found a nicer selection of half sizes than in the Lane Bryant bargain basement, but Pat said this place was smart and sensible, I'd see.

Well, it wasn't until we pulled into the parking lot one hour later (Pat treated us to a quick lunch on the way, at MacDonald's) that Martha realized where we were and yelled, "Jesus Christ! We're at Korvette's!" But Pat jumped out with the reporters and the Secret Service men right behind, and the bus driver said we had to get out because he had other stops to make.

Inside, Martha sort of picked over the pantyhose and grumbled and I had the Secret Service boys try on a few things just in case, but they couldn't get most of the frocks on over their shoulder holsters, so I gave up. Martha went over to play with the spear guns in sporting goods. Pat disappeared for awhile, and then we heard this scream from one of the dressing closets and a photographer ran out holding his ear. If there's one thing Pat likes, it's her privacy.

Well, finally she came out and said there wasn't anything here she really wanted and we should hurry to catch the last bus back to Washington. Well, we were all sort of embarrassed, because Pat had obviously been so upset by the photographer that she forgot to take off the four dresses she was wearing under her own frock, but everybody pretended not to notice until a store detective yelled something, but one of the Secret Service boys hit him you-know-where and told him to keep quiet.

Happy and tired, we all headed home on the last express. Pat said it was too bad there wasn't anything she saw that she liked, and we all sort of nodded. Martha charged a gold body stocking, two football helmets and a spear gun, and I bought a nice party frock with a Peter Pan collar and lots of pink and brown bows. (I wouldn't have bought it really, but the Secret Service boy couldn't get it off again over his holster.) I hope it looks as good on me as it does on him.

All for now,

Judy

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CONTEST



Entries are sought for the *National Lampoon* Punch Line Classic. Submissions should be cappers to non-existent jokes. For example:

"If I'd known you were French, I'd have worn galoshes."
"And the kangaroo said, 'So's mine.'"
"Moral: A stolen roan slathers no joss."
"No," she said, "tapioca!"
"All right, give me the goldfish and *you* rape the parrot."
"That's okay, I only fart on Tuesdays."
"And if I were the Pope, I'd let you."
"Never mind the asparagus, get me out of this casserole."
"Honest, General, we never touched the sofa."

Do not submit jokes or punch lines of actual jokes. All recognizable items will be disqualified. Avoid easy forms, such as knock-knock and moron jokes, and transparent laugh lines that suggest an obvious joke. Entries will be judged on extravagance, believability, ridiculousness and originality.

To be a winning entry, a punch line should create in the reader an overwhelming desire to hear the joke itself, even though he knows 1) that the joke doesn't exist and 2) that if it did, it has already been spoiled for him. Winners (up to five, depending on quality of entries) will receive a subscription to the magazine whose pages shaggy dogs prefer over coarser floor coverings 2-to-1 (*National Lampoon*). Address all entries to Miss Mary Marshmallow, Contest Editor, *National Lampoon*, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

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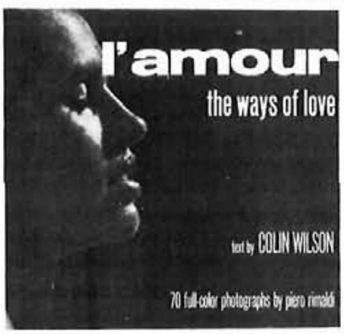
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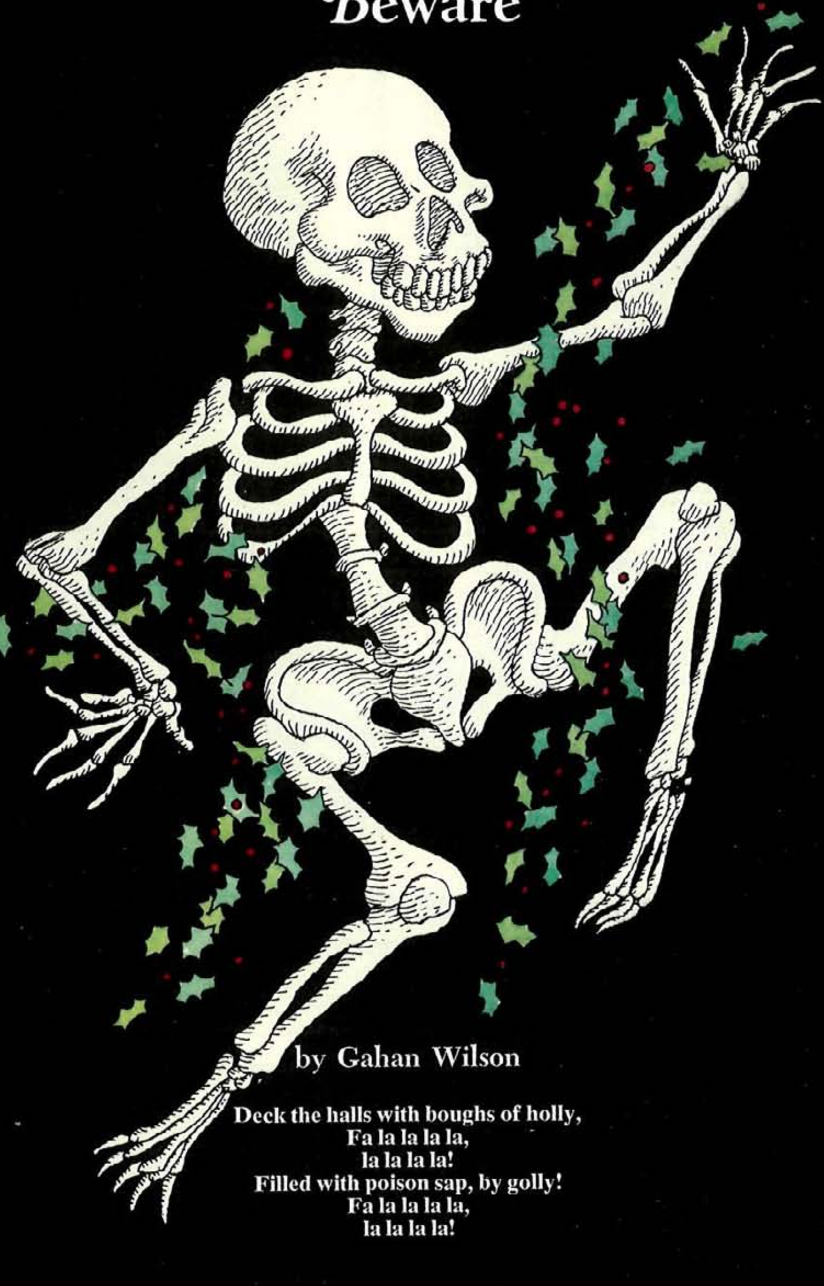
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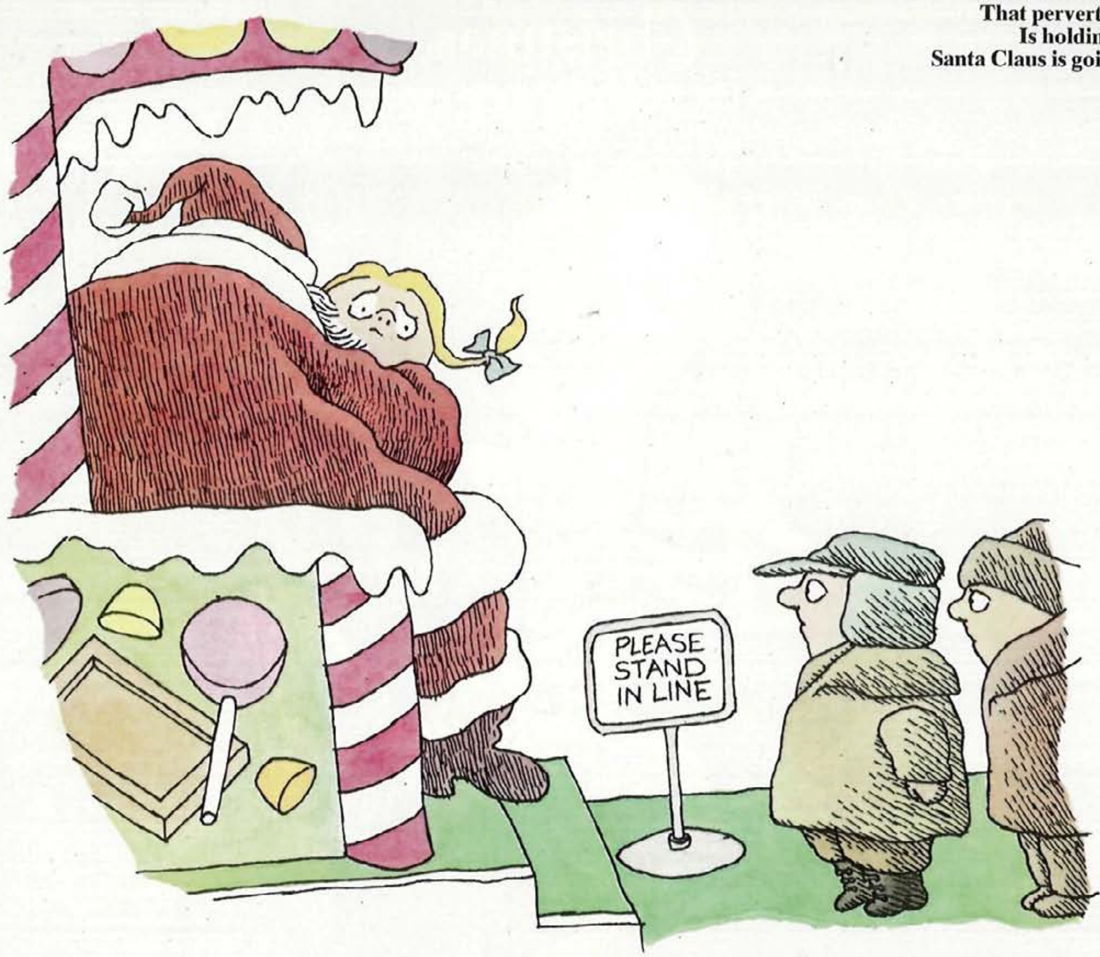


by Gahan Wilson

Deck the halls with boughs of holly,
Fa la la la la,
la la la la!
Filled with poison sap, by golly!
Fa la la la la,
la la la la!

(continued)

You'd better not pout,
You'd better not squirm,
That perverted old bum
Is holding you firm;
Santa Claus is going to town!





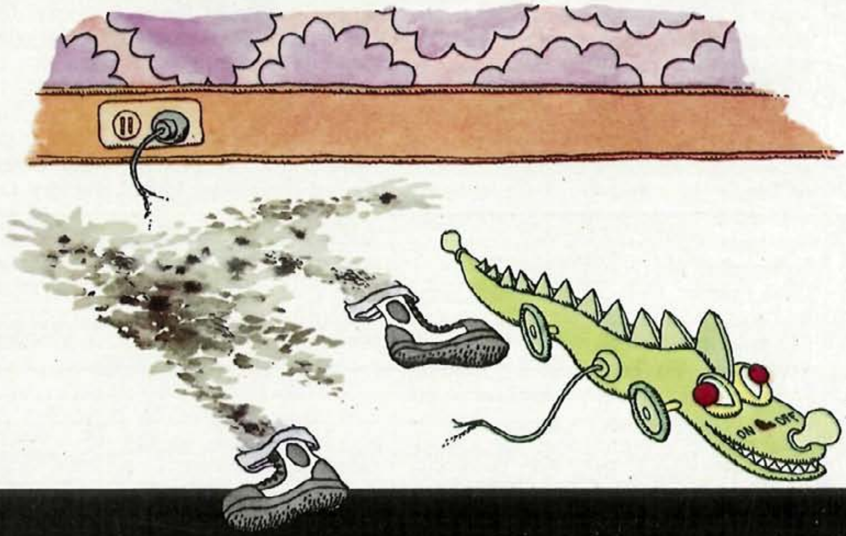
Dashing up the tree,
To decorate the top,
The ladder tilts
A sick'ning pause
A fatal 10-foot drop!



Oh, little town of Bethlehem,
You'd blanch to see the sight
Of your local Favorite Son
Strung up in neon light!



Rudolph the red-nosed wino
Tells the boss off, what the heck!
Then staggers from the office party
To fetch his unemployment check.

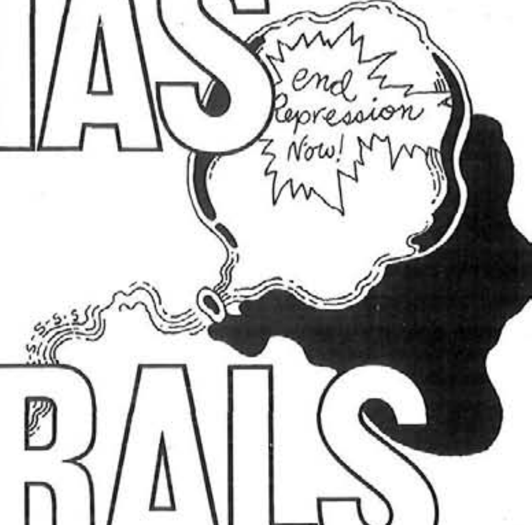


I heard the yells on Christmas Day,
That glorious shrieking of dolts,
Who gave their 10-year-old tot a toy
That runs on 60 volts!



Christmas is coming,
The mugger's getting fat,
He likes his Christmas bonus, too,
(It's only tit for tat!)

CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR LIBERALS



by Terry Catchpole

Have you been wondering what to buy for that really troublesome friend on your Christmas list – that guy or gal who returns your set of copper cooking ware because it is made from ore stolen from the Chilean people by American imperialist interests; who won't accept your tie because the dyes are made with fusel oil, dread corrupter of the habitat of the silver raccoon; and who isn't going to go for a nice $25 art book because *the ghost of a martyred Douglas fir is* lurking in its pages whispering "Shame"? Well, your worries are over. Relevant Buyers, Inc., a non-profit (of course) consumer service has prepared this list of gift suggestions for you. (Note: All these items were union-made of biodegradable materials by companies which either do not provide materials for the Vietnamese war or provide materials so defective in workmanship that they are a liability to the war effort.)

Wildlife Recording: A long-playing stereophonic album of the mating calls of the 20 most-endangered North American species, recorded live in their actual doomed habitats. Featuring the Florida crocodile, the bald eagle, the peregrine falcon, the whooping crane and many more. Perfect for save-the-species rallies, "cause" parties and those quiet moments alone with your conscience. Special pre-Christmas bonus: a 45rpm recording of polluted surf, including the Pacific off Santa Barbara and the Gulf of Mexico. Both records are made from soluble plastics. $7.95.

Organic Dishware: For the health food enthusiast who doesn't want his meals contaminated by the unnatural chemicals used in making ordinary dishware, here's a complete set of real, back-to-the-earthenware made from organically grown pressed guava leaves and milkweed glue. And he can eat the dishes when he's through! In natural brown only. 8-piece setting, $50.

Anti-War Wall Plaque: Beautifully burnished bronze wall plaque (2′ x 4′) is inscribed with the day, month and year in which you *first opposed* the war in Vietnam. "One-up" your dove friends, shut up your hawk friends: There can be no doubt about where you stand and, more important, how long you've stood there, with this eye-catching political conversation piece. Complete with easy mounting accessories, $40.

Land Reform: Here is the board game that was the hit of this year's meeting of the American Association of University Professors. Players begin by holding "money" and "property," then try to get rid of their holdings by giving them to "the people" – represented by a non-player who shouts "Right on!" from time to time. Deluxe set contains a small tape-recorder with an hour of slogans and chants. First player "out" gets to set fire to the board. $12. Extra boards, $2 a dozen.

Concerned Consumer's Correspondence Kit: The ideal gift for your always-on-the-go friends who wish they had more time to protest the deplorable conditions in today's world. The kit comes complete with 100 angry form letters and the addresses of hundreds of corporations guilty of negligence, exploitation and fraud. Deluxe kit contains home addresses of corporation presidents and Ralph Nader letterheads. Regular kit, $10. Deluxe kit, $19.

"Radical Chic" Party Favors: The perfect package for your next commitment party, whatever the cause may be. A treasure trove of silly hats, screechy horns, zip whistles, crepe streamers, zany name tags, tiny candy baskets, confetti, rainbow napkins, plastic champagne glasses, buzz whirlers and balloons that say "END REPRESSION NOW!" $8.95.

Instant Concern: Want to live for a week on the nationally famed "poverty diet" but can't find time to shop for bargains? Try this meaningful substitute. All the ingredients of a one-week, $62.87-subsistence diet for four in a single box. You'll get surplus peanut butter, dog food, wheat germ, fish concentrate, spoiled cheese and animal crackers. One box, $97.65.

Trophy for the "Grape Bunch": A scale replica of the *first* bunch of California table grapes picked by the workers unionized under Cesar Chavez. You supported the long, bitter strike – now proudly display the first "fruits" of victory. Made from durable, lifelike rubberized plastic. In green or purple. $15. Deluxe model lights up. $25.

Leftist Litmus: At last, an infallible, scientific means of testing your ideological purity and that of your friends. Just place a piece of this laboratory developed, chemically treated paper on your tongue. If the paper turns blue, you've got some work to do! If it turns red, you're home free. Perfectly safe for use with children and pets. Carries the coveted *Village Voice* Seal of Approval. Package of 6, $4.95.

Humane Burglar Alarm: Protect yourself and defend your actions with this remarkable electronic device. When a would-be housebreaker sets off the alarm, it will immediately send a signal to your local police station and *at the same time* start a recording in your home which will repeat this humanitarian phrase: "We sympathize with your situation and are committed to eliminating the deplorable conditions of systematic deprivation which force those like yourself into a life of crime, but we must protect our homes and loved ones. . . ." Alarm and installation, $450. □


WHITEHOUSE ROMANCE Comics
15¢
Dec.
OH, CHARLES, WILL YOU STILL RESPECT ME... AFTER THIS?
WELL FRANKLY...
IN THIS ISSUE: TRICIA and the PRINCE
JOE ORLANDO

HEY KIDS

Get these Famous Name PRIZES

or

$1,000 EXTRA CASH PRIZE

from

UNCLE NARC'S SECRET SPY CLUB

For Information Leading to the Arrest of

FAMOUS ROCK STARS* or *CHILDREN OF FAMOUS POLITICIANS

IT'S EASY! IT'S SIMPLE!

THAT'S RIGHT, KIDS! You can earn these and many other BIG PRIZES — or CASH — simply by keeping your eyes and ears open! UNCLE NARC'S SECRET SPY CLUB gives you all you need to start your own CRIME-FIGHTING SQUAD! With this SPECIAL CRIME-FIGHTING KIT you get all you need to "sniff out" criminally insane users of the illegal and death-dealing drug, marijuana!

IT'S EASY! Thousands of criminally insane friends and neighbors are using illegal and death-dealing marijuana right in your own community! Just start hanging around when your big brother and his creepy long-haired friends close the door, turn on those funny flashing lights and start playing that kooky rock music. Keep your "nose peeled" for funny smells coming out of the school lavatory and the teachers' lounge. As a matter of fact, it wouldn't hurt to check out Pop's "pipe *tobacco" can, either!*

IT'S FUN! Imagine the excitement of being a real UNDERCOVER AGENT right in your own neighborhood! Squeal with the adventure of secretly emptying your playmate's parents' ashtrays into your SPECIAL UNCLE NARC'S SAMPLE POUCH! Thrill to the glamor and glitter of open-air rock concerts and be the first kid on your block to meet (and send up the river) BIG NAME ROCK STARS! Expose sons and daughters of famous Senators, Congressmen and Vice-Presidents!

IT'S PROFITABLE! *Did you know that local* police departments will pay you up to $10,000 for information leading to the arrest and conviction of criminally insane pot-users?

Just listen to what other kids have to say . . .!

Terri Scooterpie
Wheeling, W. Va.

"Every time I wanted to watch *Meet Mr. Maggot* on the TV, my dopey big sister Janet would have her creepy friends over, smoke some icky stuff in a Vaseline jar and watch test patterns instead. Then I sent away for my UNCLE NARC SECRET SPY KIT, called the police, and they came right over and clubbed Janet and her dumb girlfriends senseless and dragged them off in a big truck with flashing lights. Now, maybe I can watch what *I* want!"

Billy Blotch
Philadelphia, Pa.

"As a paper boy, I used to have to break my hump just to earn enough to buy a lousy Tootsie Roll and a squirt pistol or something. Now, thanks to UNCLE NARC'S SECRET SPY CLUB, a quick phone call or two per month and I'm up to my *pimply little larynx in goodies. Last week, I even* busted my puppy!"



CASH! CASH!

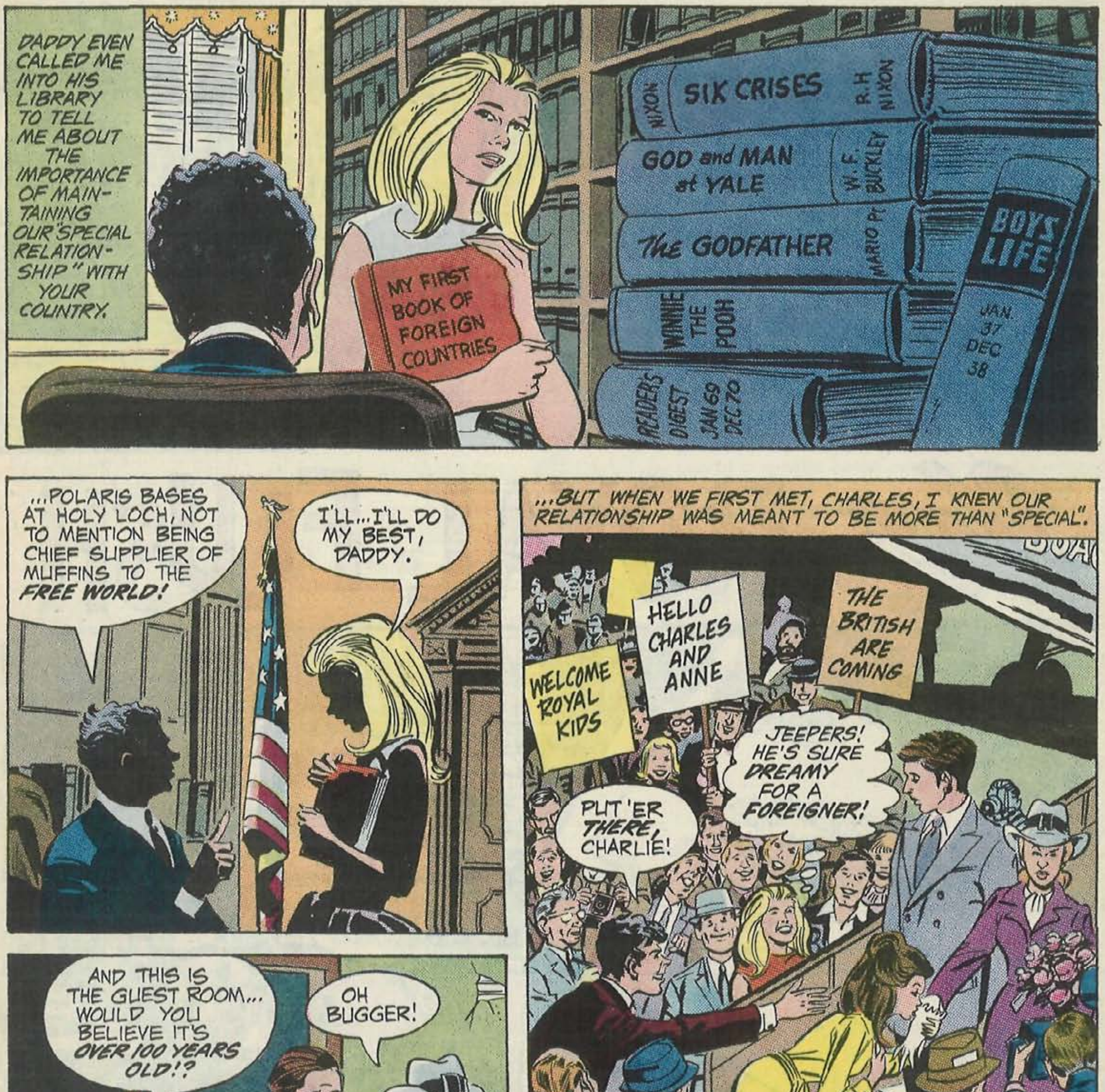
EARN BIG BUCKS!

UNCLE NARC'S SECRET SPY CLUB
DEPT. 1984
WASHINGTON, D.C.

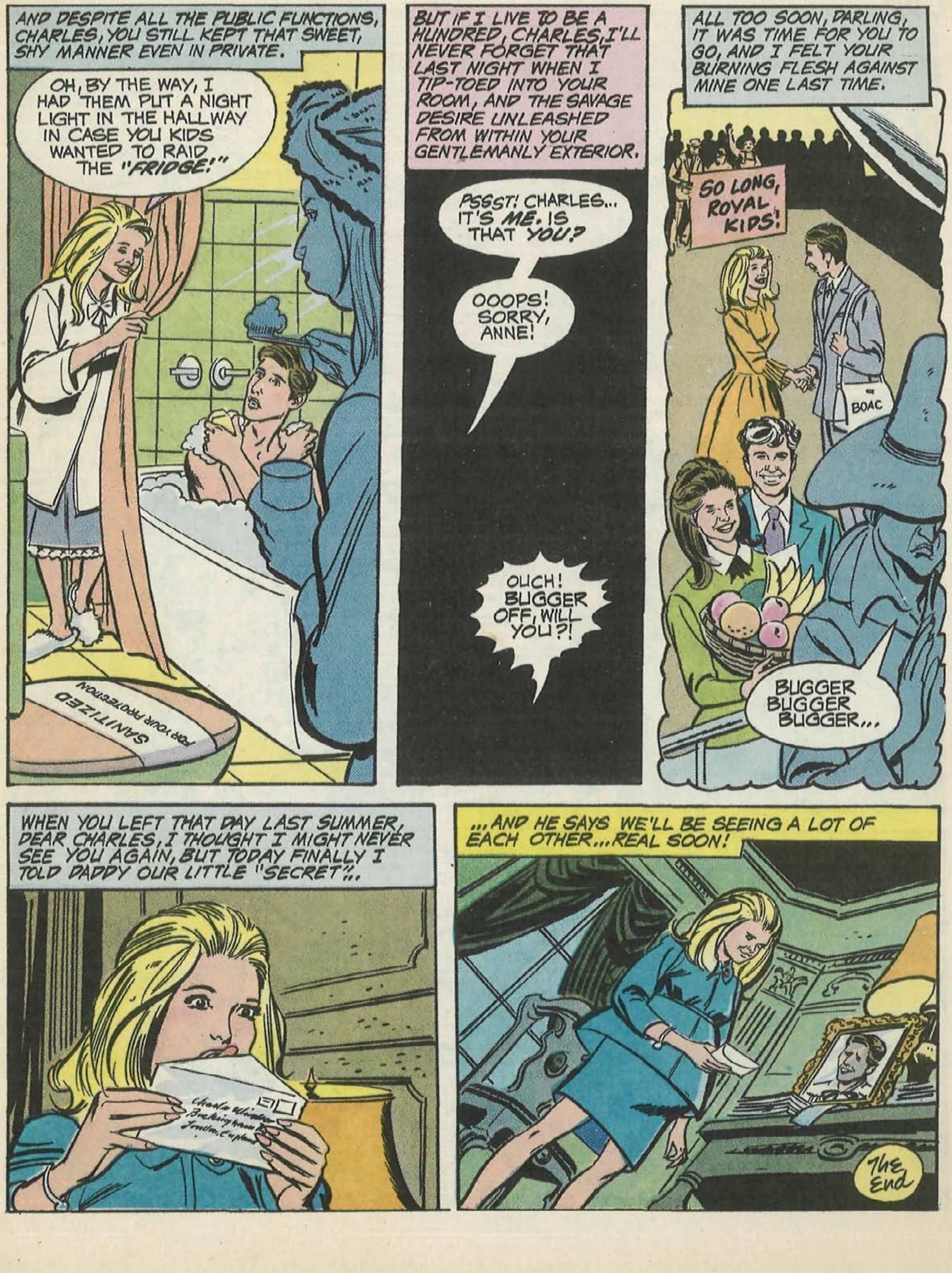
YES! I'm a snoopy little tattletale who's interested in getting BIG BUCKS and BIG PRIZES! Please send me, with no obligation, my personal UNCLE NARC SECRET SPY KIT, including sample pouch, battery-operated listening device, pocket chemical analysis lab and portable vacuum cleaner!

NAME ______
ADDRESS ______
AGE ______
PREVIOUS DRUG ARRESTS ______


Oct. 15
Dearest Prince Charles,
When you visited us last summer, you said that I was your Queen of Hearts... that I made you feel like a King! but now I wonder if you are trying to give out love...
The ROYAL FLUSH
AIR MAIL
Charles Windsor
Buckingham Palace
London, England
ADDRESSEE UNKNOWN
DELIVERY REFUSED
RETURN TO SENDER
REFUSED
Charles Windsor
OH, CHARLES, I'VE WRITTEN YOU SO MANY LETTERS, BUT THEY NEVER SEEM TO REACH YOU.
I KNOW I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN YOU, DARLING. IT SEEMS LIKE ONLY YESTERDAY THAT THE WHOLE HOUSE WAS PREPARING FOR YOU AND YOUR SISTER'S ARRIVAL...
...200 POUNDS OF FISH AND CHIPS AND 300 PACKAGES OF INSTANT YORKSHIRE PUDDING AND...
1


DADDY EVEN CALLED ME INTO HIS LIBRARY TO TELL ME ABOUT THE IMPORTANCE OF MAIN-TAINING OUR "SPECIAL RELATION-SHIP" WITH YOUR COUNTRY.
MY FIRST BOOK OF FOREIGN COUNTRIES
NIXON SIX CRISES R.H. NIXON
GOD and MAN at YALE W.F. BUCKLEY
The GODFATHER
WINNIE THE POOH
READER'S DIGEST JAN 69 DEC 70
BOYS' LIFE JAN. 37 DEC 38
...POLARIS BASES AT HOLY LOCH, NOT TO MENTION BEING CHIEF SUPPLIER OF MUFFINS TO THE FREE WORLD!
I'LL...I'LL DO MY BEST, DADDY.
...BUT WHEN WE FIRST MET, CHARLES, I KNEW OUR RELATIONSHIP WAS MEANT TO BE MORE THAN "SPECIAL".
HELLO CHARLES AND ANNE
THE BRITISH ARE COMING
WELCOME ROYAL KIDS
JEEPERS! HE'S SURE DREAMY FOR A FOREIGNER!
PUT 'ER THERE, CHARLIE!
AND THIS IS THE GUEST ROOM... WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT'S OVER 100 YEARS OLD!?
OH BUGGER!
CHECK OUT TIME
2

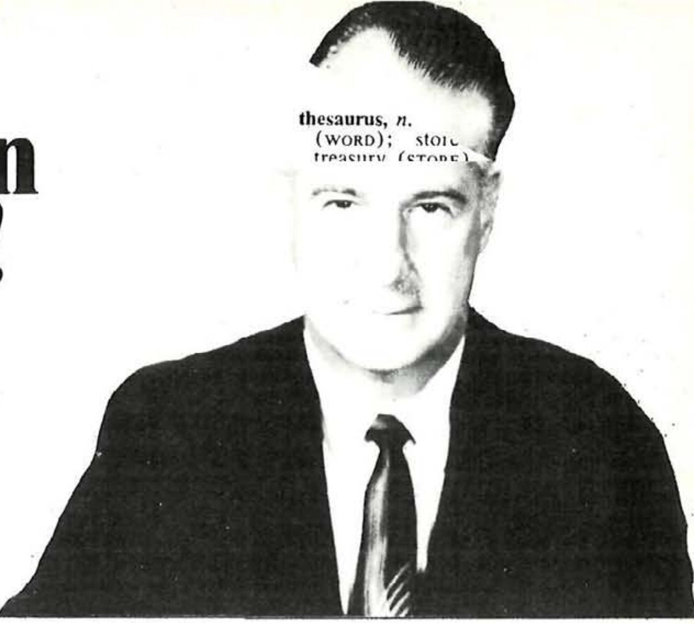

AS YOU REMEMBER, THE NEXT THREE DAYS WERE FILLED WITH FUN AND EXCITEMENT!...
HOW DO YOU LIKE AMERICA SO FAR?
WOULD YOU MIND PUTTING YOUR ARM AROUND YOUR SISTER... THAT'S IT!
WHAT HAS IMPRESSED YOU MOST ON YOUR VISIT?
HOLD IT! IF WE COULD HAVE JUST ONE MORE OF YOU KISSING THE POLICEMAN'S HORSE...
OH BUGGER!
THE STATE DINNER...
DO YOU EVER GO OUT... UH, WITH GIRLS, I MEAN?
HEY, CHARLES, WANT SECONDS ON THE STEAK-AND-KIDNEY PIE A LA MODE?
OH BUGGER!
THE BIG DANCE...
WOULD ANYBODY YOU MARRIED AUTOMATICALLY BECOME A PRINCESS?
GOSH, SORRY!
OUCH! BUGGER OFF, WILL YOU?
YOUR FIRST BASEBALL GAME...
YOU MUST HAVE LOTS OF "BIRDS" BACK HOME, HUH?
NICE CATCH, CHUCK!
THE MORNING PRAYER SERVICES...
DON'T CHURCHES MAKE YOU THINK OF WEDDINGS?
THIS MAY BE A LITTLE DULL, CHAS, BUT WE CAN GO OUT ON THE LAWN AFTER AND HIT SOME FUNGOES!


AND DESPITE ALL THE PUBLIC FUNCTIONS, CHARLES, YOU STILL KEPT THAT SWEET, SHY MANNER EVEN IN PRIVATE.
OH, BY THE WAY, I HAD THEM PUT A NIGHT LIGHT IN THE HALLWAY IN CASE YOU KIDS WANTED TO RAID THE "FRIDGE!"
SANITIZED
FOR YOUR PROTECTION
BUT IF I LIVE TO BE A HUNDRED, CHARLES, I'LL NEVER FORGET THAT LAST NIGHT WHEN I TIP-TOED INTO YOUR ROOM, AND THE SAVAGE DESIRE UNLEASHED FROM WITHIN YOUR GENTLEMANLY EXTERIOR.
PSSST! CHARLES... IT'S ME. IS THAT YOU?
OOOPS! SORRY, ANNE!
OUCH! BUGGER OFF, WILL YOU?!
ALL TOO SOON, DARLING, IT WAS TIME FOR YOU TO GO, AND I FELT YOUR BURNING FLESH AGAINST MINE ONE LAST TIME.
SO LONG, ROYAL KIDS!
BOAC
BUGGER BUGGER BUGGER...
WHEN YOU LEFT THAT DAY LAST SUMMER, DEAR CHARLES, I THOUGHT I MIGHT NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN, BUT TODAY FINALLY I TOLD DADDY OUR LITTLE "SECRET"...
...AND HE SAYS WE'LL BE SEEING A LOT OF EACH OTHER... REAL SOON!
THE End

Circumlocutionary Citizens!
Prolix Personnel!

Make Your Own Agnew Speech!

It's easy!
It's fun!
It's better than listening to one!
See! The Fierce Thesaurus
Hear! The Pronouncing Gazeteer
Amaze Pets!
Learn Big Words!
Fool Your Friends!
Spoil Your Sofa!

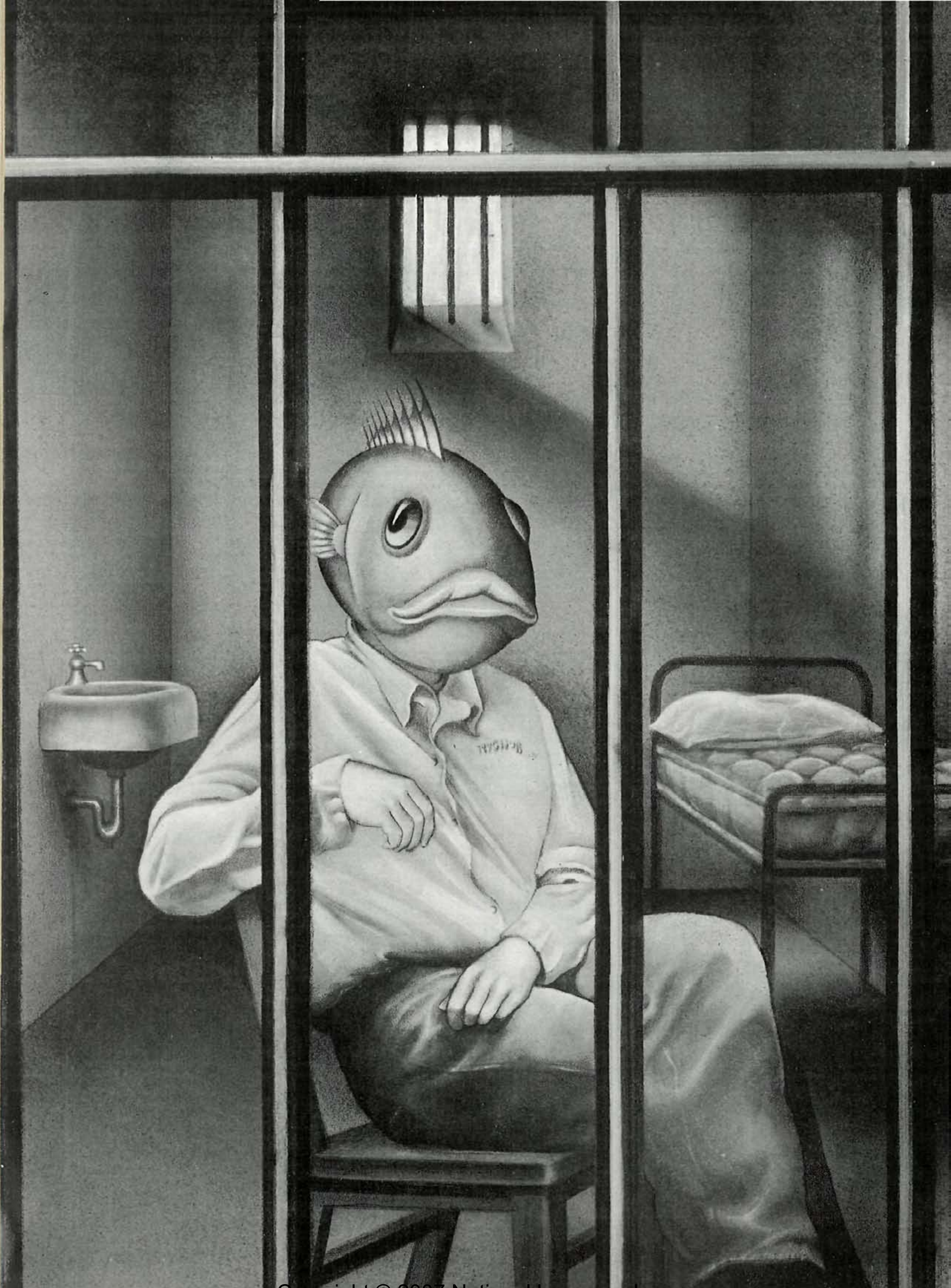


My friends, we have been

addled by abracadabra
abashed by ambages
boggled by blether
burked by bibble-babble
balked by blarney
checkmated by chaffer
chafed by chitchat
cozened by crepitation
defused by dissertations
dunched by descant
euchred by expatiation
foozled by fustian
feruled by fiddle-faddle
gelded by gibbering
gammoned by gabble
hamstrung by hurly-burly
hocked by hubbub
immured by macrology
inundated by insinuendos
joggled by jawmusic
jaded by jibber-jabber
kaboshed by kaffeeklatschery
larruped by logorrhea
lassoed by loquacity
modulated by muglence
mauled by maunderings
numbed by nasalizations
nonplussed by natterings
occluded by oratundity
planet-stricken by pleonasms
pinfolded by persiflage
purblinded by prevarication
pinioned by palaver
raked by rhinolalia
risolléed by raillery
scotched by strepitance
slaked by surplusage
stickled by snuffle
sapped by stridulation
tethered by tumidity
trepanned by twattle
unstrung by undulation
vexed by ventilation
voodooed by viragos
wimpled by whiffle

too long. The time has come to

astrict the alembic argle-barglers of acrimony
adze the anile agitprops of anti-warism
buffet the bangled bubukles of Bolshevism
baste the brummagem banshees of burnbabydom
buttonhole the balmy bards of bamboozlery
cuff the crapulous cankers of chaos
chastise the cheeseparing chitterlings of chicanery
clobber the churlish chuff-cats of corruption
castigate the caterwauling capons of catastrophe
cudgel the clammy charlatans of coprophemia
cumber the cachetic clodpates of conspiracy
drub the daffy dilettantes of defeat
decollate the deboshed debutants of doom
eposculate the epizootic embryos of expedience
extirpate the edentulous ecdysiasts of evil
flambé the feckless fourflushers of fakery
flagellate the froward fiends of fescinninity
garotte the gassy gorgons of give-up-ism
gratinate the gibbous gibbons of gloom
grangerize the glib gaffers of Galbraithery
guillotine the grubby goblins of godlessness
hoist the hypocritical hussars of hedonism
harry the hircine he-biddies of hysteria
hobble the hirsute hooligans of hebetude
incarcerate the inspissated ignoramuses of isolationism
indent the icthyolatrous imps of insipience
jar the jaded jackanapes of journalism
knout the knee-jerk knaves of know-it-all-ism
kick the kow-towing kooks of kids-stuffery
lapidate the lungeous larvae of lubricity
marinate the maladroit mumruffins of madness
maul the malefic mugwumps of melancholy
mulct the muzzy moochers of me-too-ism
notch the nappy nitwits of naïveté
net the noxious numbskulls of narcosis
ostracize the ostrobogulous oafs of obliquity
oppugnate the omphaloskepsic outlaws of objection
percuss the pocky prima donnas of parasitism
pummel the parlous pilly-grubs of paralysis
pillory the potulent pelf-lickers of petulance
pen the picayune pizzles of pelmanism
pestle the pug-ugly pupae of purulence
quirt the quilted quislings of querelousness
rack the ragtag robots of radicalism
roast the rampaging rhyparographs of revolution
sauté the scabrous sodomites of salacity
strappado the scrofulous sahibs of sabotage
stymie the shaggy squawks of sanctimony
scourge the squiffy sirens of surrender
slog the skulking scobberlotchers of sibilation
skewer the sapidless stooges of scurrility
trammel the teratoid termagants of turpitude
truncheon the tatterdemalion toddlers of tomfoolery
thwart the thringing throops of thuggery
urticate the ululating urchins of un-Americanism
vaporize the viperous vuzpegs of vilification
wallop the wet-slobbering whelks of witlessness
x the xiphosauran xiphoids of xenophilia
yerk the yodeling yawpers of yes-man-ery
zone the zany zombies of zealotry.



Chicago, Ill. (AP) — Robert Brown was sentenced to a year in prison Friday after a Chicago Transit Authority detective testified that he had watched the youth jam a subway turnstile, then "place his lips on the insert hole and suck the coins out."

FISH MOUTH

by Ray Puechner

I served only four months and then I won a parole for good behavior. I don't think I could have taken a whole year at Joliet. Fishmouth, they used to call me. All the time. I really hated that. They did the same thing when I was a kid. Fishmouth, Fishmouth, they used to yell. But when it came to getting the pennies back from the bubble gum machine, it was a different story. Some kid would lose his penny in the bubble gum machine and pound on it and some other kid would say: "Where's Fishmouth? He'll get it out. Hey, Fishmouth!" So I'd go and suck the pennies out of the bubble gum machine and we'd all stand around reinserting the pennies and then I'd suck them out again until we had emptied the machine. And we divvied up the prizes. What the hell, at least I was accepted then.

I guess I always had this ability. Even as a baby. I was born with it. Well, you know how most babies suck their thumbs. I'd suck my whole hand. At feeding time, I could drain the milk from the bottle in one draw. At least, that's what they tell me. And it must be true. I remember when I was about 4 or 5 years old, my mother used to always call me when there was a clogged drain. And that used to strengthen my suction, believe me.

When I was in grade school, we'd go over to Old Man Traynor's and, when he wasn't watching close, I'd suck the dimes out of the till and pass them around. Old Man Traynor's candy shop got the money back fast enough, but he never figured out why his profits were so low.

And when we went to the movies, one of the kids would distract the cashier and I'd suck out enough money from the coin return to take us all in. Buy popcorn, besides. Don't think I wasn't a popular kid.

It was only that Fishmouth business that bugged me. But when you're a kid, you can live with it. Most of the kids had rotten nicknames, too. Like Smelly Gordon or Pisser Williams, they didn't have life too easy either. But, hell, when I was in stir and they brought that up again, it almost killed me. Here I am, a grown man, trying to act tough to keep off the other cons, but how can you act tough when they call you Fishmouth all the time? Answer me that.

My real name is Robert Brown, but nobody ever called me Bob. It was always Fishmouth. I suppose it's true I got big lips. They measure about 1½ inches high by 4 inches wide and I am a bit overweight at 190 since I'm only 5 feet 4. But I'm not such a bad-looking guy. Used to get a lot of dates in high school. And when we went out to a drive-in to see a movie and neck with girls, I was dynamite. I gave 'em hickeys that would last for a week.

And I got a shorter sentence, a quicker parole, because of my talent. That's what it is – a talent.

The warden had bought an expensive anniversary present for his wife, a pair of diamond earrings. While he was showing them to a friend in his office, he dropped one and it rolled into the ventilator shaft. He didn't panic. He just picked up the phone and said: "Get me Fishmouth."

They brought me up and I said: "Hello, Warden."

"Listen, Fishmouth," he said, rapping on the desk with a riot stick. "My wife's earring fell down that shaft. Can you get it for me?" *(continued)*

Illustration by David Wilcox

I looked at the shaft opening. It must have measured about 8 inches across. It would be a tough one. "I'll try," I said.

"If you can help me out, Fishmouth," he said, "I won't forget it."

The warden spread some newspaper on the floor as I got down and peered into the shaft. You couldn't see much. I placed my hands over part of the opening to cut down on the area and gave a mighty suck. A pile of stuff whooshed up into my mouth, I coughed it out on the paper. We counted two discarded razor blades, a marble, about half a pound of dust, a dead mouse, a rusty skate key, an 1897 Indian Head penny, some burned-out matches and cigarette butts, and, finally, we found the earring. The warden was happy as hell.

True to his word, he pulled strings and I got paroled less than two weeks later. I was glad to get out of that place, too. The prison fags were always after me. I don't have to tell you why.

The sun was shining when the train hit Chicago. It looked like a great day. It had to be a great day. I was on the outside.

I had hoped I could kick my habit. Start fresh. But it was no use. Not after I walked into Union Station. Well, I'll taper off, I said to myself and proceeded to suck some quarters from a baggage locker. Had a few drinks at the Iron Horse and then I was off again. I couldn't help myself. And who could help me? There's no rehabilitation center for coin suckers.

Sucked $4.65 from a candy bar machine, plus six slugs – you can't imagine how crooked some people are – and also about $3 in dimes from a pay toilet and about $8 from a parking meter. But I was thinking about those turnstiles. I took a cab to the subway stop at State and Madison and the cabbie looked at me kind of funny when I paid him all in nickels and dimes, but I thought he would kiss my hand when I gave him a 40-cent tip.

I went down. I looked around. The cashier was busy. The turnstile was there, waiting. I couldn't help myself. I sucked out about $16 (you can tell by the weight of the quarters – about $20 a mouthful) and hopped a northbound train.

I first noticed him around Belmont – the same detective who had arrested me. He sat there pretending to be reading the *Sun-Times*, but he was watching me like a kid watching the Tastee-Freeze man making an ice cream cone. Fred J. Quimby, that was his name. That bastard. I'll never forget him. Four months ago (five including the trial), he had nailed me. I had hit the turnstiles at Adams, Chicago, North, Fullerton and Diversey before he got me. I guess it was the bulge in my pockets. Or maybe in my cheeks. And here he was again. I wondered how long he had been tailing me.



At Foster, he got up and sat down alongside me.

"Remember me?" he asked.

I looked into his piglike face. His eyes resembled the marbles we used to throw out of our collections – a glassy but faded brown.

"Yeah," I said. I wasn't going to be chummy.

"I saw you hit town," he said leaning over and breathing garlic breath into my face.

"So?"

"I saw you – the lockers, the parking meter, the candy bar machine, the turnstile on Madison. Back at it again, huh?"

"You taking me back to the can?" He'd missed the pay toilet. The coins bulged in my pockets.

He shifted his 240 pounds against me so that a lady could pass. Half of him was still hanging over the aisle. "That was a mistake," he said. "I wasn't thinking. But you still seem to have it."

"Have what?"

"I mean your . . . talent. You can still suck those coins."

"I suppose so."

"Beautiful, beautiful," he said, enthusiastically shoving the *Sun-Times* beneath the seat. "Listen, I got a plan. I got two weeks vacation starting Monday. We leave tonight."

"Leave? For where?" I asked.

"You'll love the place," he said chuckling. "You won't mind the wife and kids being along? They ain't bad kids."

What choice did I have?

Some trip. I was beginning to think I should have let Quimby finger me again. At least you can get some sleep in the can. I don't know how the guy stands it. And his wife, she was about 97 pounds and about 5-feet-7 and she had this jerk, a nervous tic, in her neck so that her head kept turning so I could see her face. If you could call it a face. Watching that was making me nervous enough, but after a kid drops a Frosty Cone right on your crotch, you really get edgy.

We passed over the Rockies and I still didn't know where he was heading. We hit a long stretch of intense heat and you couldn't open the windows or the kids would jump out. I was suffocating and finally slumped to the floor and seem to remember the kids walking on me and going through my pockets as I passed out. . . .

Blam! Suddenly, I woke up and it was cool and nice. I was inside and the lights outside were wild and pink and green and yellow and red like some sort of psychedelic thing. Fred had me propped up on a stool. I saw a sign – Fremont Ave. I looked around. There they were, row upon row, endless banks of slot machines waiting to be sucked clean. We were in Las Vegas.

I passed out again.

Working the slots wasn't a bad life.

We had a steady income, but neither Quimby nor I were really happy with it. I was looking for a way to better myself, felt I should be doing something useful. Fred Quimby was looking for the big killing, employing my talent in a scheme to make a bundle.

For a while, I worked on one of his ideas – trying to control the dice or roulette ball by inhaling and exhaling a thin jet of air. But I couldn't get the "touch" delicate enough. My power was impressive, but I couldn't get the right control.

We played the slots for five months, but the managements started crowding us with plainclothesmen and TV spy cameras. We moved on to bigger things as my lungs gained strength. Airport money-changers were fine for awhile, but Quimby had bigger ideas.

"Come on," he said, waking me from my motel bed one night at 3 A.M.

"What's up?" I said. "A blood bank?" I occasionally made jokes.

"You'll see," Quimby said.

I dressed, got in the car and did some puckers to limber up, my curiosity growing as we traveled through the dark and silent streets. Finally, he pulled the car over to the curb and we got out. We were in front of the Second National Bank. I turned to Quimby and shook my head.

"Sucking, yes," I said, "safe jobs, no."

Quimby only smiled and pointed to a space to the left of the locked doors. He was pointing triumphantly at the night deposit box.

From then on, life was sweet. Four jobs a month netted us more than enough to live on as we worked our way across the country, Quimby opening the envelopes and extracting the cash, me sitting back and dislodging the stray deposit slips from between my molars with a gold toothpick. Quimby's share was enough to send his wife to Miami for long vacations and his kids to fancy private schools. Like I said, life was sweet. And my lung power had grown tremendously as I practiced. Hell, one suck and I could move pianos across a room. And there wasn't a wishing well in the country that was safe from my irresistible vacuum.

Quimby and I were good pals by then, and we needed only one more big night deposit job and we'd be set for life. Quimby had scouted out the place, a New York Chase Manhattan on 59th Street that received a $2-million payroll in cash every Thursday morning at 2 A.M. from a regular Brink's drop-off. He observed the routine for weeks and we planned it out carefully: 1:58 A.M., truck arrives; 2:01, delivery completed; 2:03, I'd start sucking; by 2:07, we'd be on easy street, forever.

The evening of the job, Quimby and I stood on the corner and cased the bank one last time, unnoticed by the thousands of passersby, our conversation lost in the din of traffic and the blast of jackhammers tearing up Madison Avenue. In New York they're always tearing up the street, seems like. They were putting in a new sewer pipe or something.

We glanced at the night deposit box one last time and turned to get some rest before the heist, when, suddenly, there was a tremendous explosion and a couple of screams. I whipped around and saw some of the street workers lying amid the rubble and a gaping hole in the street twice the size of the one they had started with. Quimby took the cab, but I hung around with the crowd of onlookers, each craning his neck to see if some poor slob got hurt.

"What happened?" I asked the guy next to me.

"Sewer line exploded. Some guy's trapped inside it and it's filling up again. Poor bastard'll probably drown before the fire department can get here with a pump."

Now, I'm not one of those Paul Newman type heroes, you know that. I'm a crook. Clever, talented, but a crook just the same. I don't kid myself. But in a situation like this, you don't stop and think what's smart, you know what I mean?

"Lemme through!" I shouted, elbowing a couple of sidewalk vultures aside. The pipe was about two feet in diameter at its torn-off end. And filling up with ... well, it was a sewer line, right? I jumped down into the ditch. I could hear the guy inside, crying sort of. The explosion must have wedged him in a good 10 or 11 feet. Right away, I braced my hands on the pipe, stretched my mouth around it, and closed my eyes ... I sucked like I've never sucked before in my life.

They say I passed out as soon as the guy popped out of the pipe. That night, after running like mad to escape the reporters and the Goddamn cops who wanted to congratulate me, give me a medal or something, I found Quimby and told him the job was off.

"What d'ya mean, *off?*" he said, mad as hell.

"I ... I just can't ... suck anymore," I explained. "I just can't do it. That thing at the explosion ... I can never bring myself to suck up *anything*. Ever."

"Have you lost your mind?" Quimby yelled.

"Have you ever," I replied as I walked out the door, "ever looked at what flows through a sewer line?"

Well, that's my story. I now work as a soda jerk in Akron. It's clean work, and I never have to open my mouth except for "Sixty-five cents, please," and stuff like that. It doesn't pay anything, but I like it well enough, except for one thing. I get the shakes when they ask for two straws. □



"Say, Ed! They tell me that this is marijuana. . . ."


Joey & Jills in Santaland
by Arnold Roth
Like all good, mercifully short, Christmas Stories this one starts on Christmas Eve....
Gosh! G'night, Jilly-hope Santa brings us lots of goodies, gee! golly!
Oh, wow! neato! crimins! Joey!
Jimins, Jills- there's Santa's workshop. Wowee!
NORTH POLE
Golly, Santa, why're you wearing Jewish prayer accoutre-ments? Gosh!
HoHoHo Because I'm a Jewish-type person, Joey. HoHo Ho
Oh, wow! You don't look it. Heck!
gosh! Then, how come you give the presents to all us sweet, good, lil goyisha boys and shiksa girls? Oh, wow!
HoHoHo Who else would work all night on Christmas eve-& on Sundays I turn off lights in churches HoHoHo
Oh, nifty shucks!
Geewhiz! What's that, Santagosh!?
HoHoHo Just my busy, little dwarf helpers, HoHoHo
Off the HOLIDAY SEASON & the hell with THANKSGIVING too!
They're already making toys for next Christmas HoHoHo
Off the extablichmint!
Power to the Little People!
Don't make girl dolls no more - or boy dolls, either!
Why we always gettin' white snow?

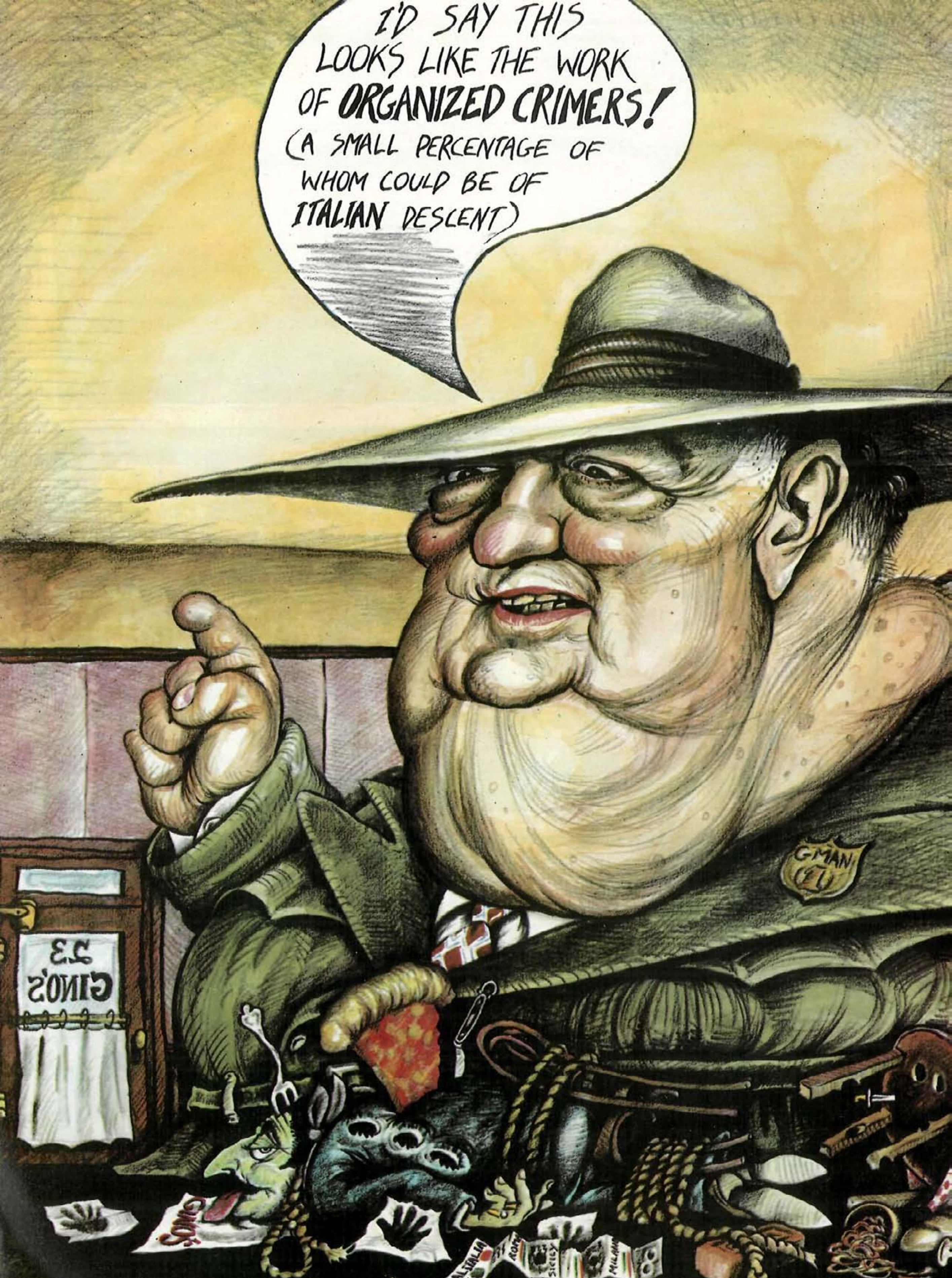


HoHoHo Time to get the reindeer ready. Help me with these antlers. HoHoHo
Golly, Ned, Santa! Don't they have their own? Wowie!
HoHoHo Nope! My real reindeer quit - got tired of celibacy and all like that - had to hire whoever I could get - only real one left is Comet - the others called him 'Uncle' Com - HoHoHo
Whooie! Nifty! Neat!
HoHoHo Hop in the sleigh, Kids - I'll take you with me. HoHoHo
Oh!
WOW!
HoHoHo Away up we go HoHoHo
GRACK
OOCH! OOCH!
Whew! That one hurt!
Chris'!
Hit! Hit! That's all he knows! Hitting!
Jeepers!
Oh, wow!
OUCH!
ZZZZZ
North POLE


O.K., Santa, this is it! I'm really Ali Ben Dune— —Top Class Arab Commando Agent— —you will land this captured craft in the People's Desert!
And I am Zoftig ghoDune—his faithful companion—no relation, though!
HoHoHo Don't shoot! I will do just as you formerly sweet, good, li'l children say HoHoHo HoHoOh Shit!
CRACK
OOCH OWCH WOW
Good work, Dunes! This is the most imperialist looking bunch of junk we've gotten, yet!
HoHoHo you **can't** do this. All the sweet, good, li'l children won't have any Christmas HoHoHo
Christmas? What's a Christmas?
Probably a Zionist plot!
Or a New York department store.
Never heard of it!
I think he made it up to fool us.
HoHoHoNot even a single chimney, anyway! HoHoHo
Infidel son of a swine hound, we have blown up your craft—and, now, you must die!
HoHoHo Ich! I'm covered with hunks of toy, sleigh and eight tiny reindeer HoHoHo Ho Brech!
BOOM
HoHoHoHo HoHoHo
Who are you?
Oh, wow! Gosh! Gee! **WAIT!** You can't kill Santa Claus! Geewhillakers!



Golly! We're the sweet, good, li'l children of the world - and his dwarfs and others. We love Santa - and the presents he brings us. Gosh!
Presents? Don't worry! Let us shoot him - You'll still get presents. We'll give you presents!
Really? Jiminy!
There goes Santa!
Well, O.K.! That sounds fair to us!
Ready -- Aim ---
It is a far, far, rotten thing I do than.....
Don't worry! They'll probably miss!
Wowie! What a dream! Wake up, Jilly - let's see what Santa brought us.
Glory be! Christmas morning! Zippity Ooh Ooh!
Crimins! I got a genuine Narcotics Agent doll - with interchangeable uniforms, hippy clothes and soul food breath.
Oh, goodie! And I got a genuine Polly Pee Pee Pants Dolly with birth control pills and no bra!
MERRY CHRISTMAS, EVERYBODY!
Arnold Roth


I'D SAY THIS LOOKS LIKE THE WORK OF ORGANIZED CRIMERS! (A SMALL PERCENTAGE OF WHOM COULD BE OF ITALIAN DESCENT)
G-MAN
GINO'S
23

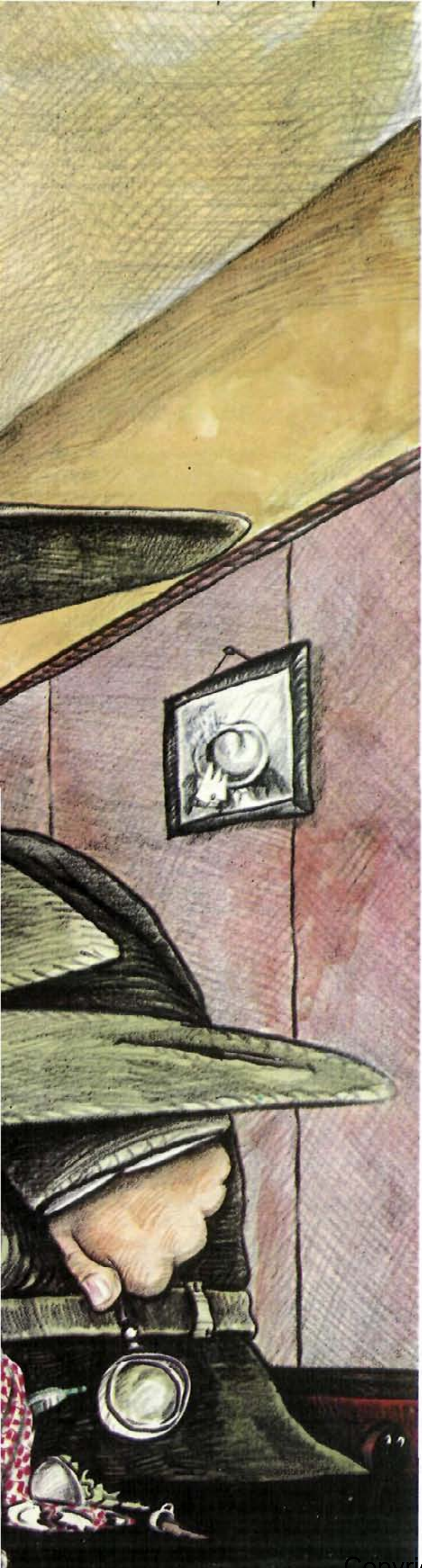


Illustration by Rick Meyerowitz

The Myth of the Mafia

by Christopher Rush

As you grow older, you experience the "exploded myth phenomenon" repeatedly. Personally, the first one I suffered was the classic "Santa Claus is bullshit" trauma. I brought this on myself when my mother dragged me along on her annual Christmas shopping odyssey. I observed several Santas, and being a swift 7-year-old, I quickly realized that Santa couldn't be white, black, freckled and a midget all at once. My *Golden Book of Reproduction* blew the whole Easter-Bunny-and-the-eggs bit, and the Tooth Fairy story was shattered when Krafft-Ebing informed me that fairies were not hung up *that* part of the human anatomy. Now they say that organized crime, better known as the Mafia, is a myth! When I heard that, I decided that this time I would do a little exploration. I wanted to see how these fantasies get started and grow in strength until they are accepted as solid truth.

This current myth of the Mafia has been attacked in two ways. First, it is said that there is no true organization of bad guys, and second, that the concept of this alleged organization as a predominantly Italian one, known as the Mafia or Cosa Nostra, is false. I am an observant person and luckily of Italian descent, so I think I am well equipped for a logical assessment of the situation. I remember, as a child back in my old neighborhood, that there were two basic types of kids: The good kids, like me, who wanted to go to college, and the hoods, who wanted to go to Mafia. My semi-friend Guido Baccala was the hood type.

Physically awesome, he was built somewhat like a refrigerator, and when he opened his mouth, a small light went on. He wore the standard black leather jacket, with 200 pounds of thumbtacks in it, and Marquis De Sade stomping boots. He achieved self-expression and uniqueness by adorning his chest with a tattoo of J. Edgar Hoover and Elliot Ness committing an unnatural act. Guido got into trouble at an early age when he was thrown out of third grade for mugging a mounted policeman and raping his horse. To him, the Mafia was the General Motors of crime, and he hoped for an executive position someday. His leadership qualities were apparent: He was the head of a fierce street gang called the Algonquin Groinsmashers. Ever since he assumed control by eating their old leader, the Smashers had grown to become the most successful gang in Brooklyn, dominating the counterfeit baseball card racket and stealing a megaton of hub caps annually. I think the existence of this rancid little group of young thuglings says something about the ability of these types to organize. *(continued)*

It was Guido who pointed out to me the unusually profitable candy store his uncle ran. I had to admit that a hundred grand a year was pretty good for a corner candy store, no matter how fast the Chiclets and Baby Ruths were moving. My violence-prone friend suggested it had something to do with the 35 telephones and the racing sheet in the back room. At first, I thought his uncle had a dial tone fetish, but then it began to dawn on me that he must have a tie-in with something stronger and more profitable than the Knights of Columbus. Eventually, Guido got a knife-throwing scholarship to an out-of-town college – way out of town; Sicily, to be exact.

And there was the hot dog man, who was just like any other hot dog man with his little wagon, except that he had a really lousy memory because his pockets were full of slips of paper with names and addresses on them. He really impressed me since some of the names were Thundercloud and Lightning Bolt, and so he was the only guy I knew who had real Indian friends. He also had a $10,000 Ferrari. That's a lot of sauerkraut. The only other shady recollection from my youth was of our neighborhood's equivalent of the Household Finance Company. His name was Happy Al, and he would lend anybody any amount of money with no collateral. He charged 72 per cent interest compounded hourly and had a pet gorilla that he had trained to use a sledgehammer for collection purposes.

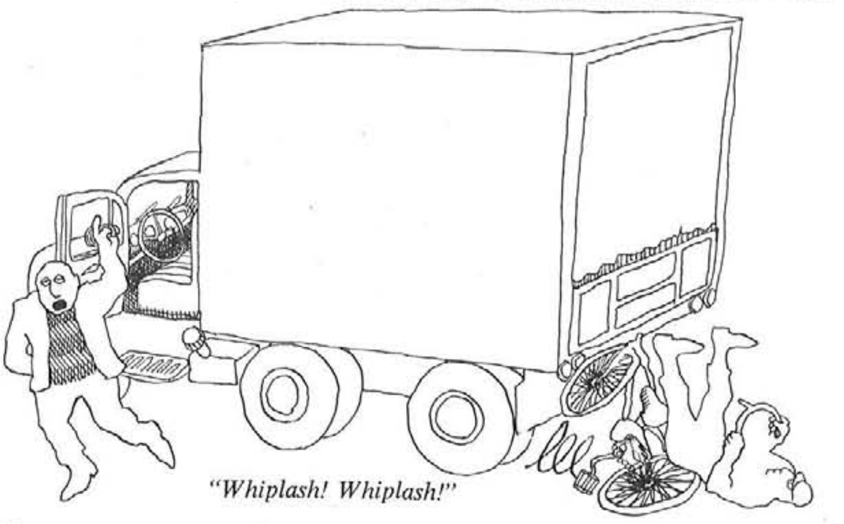
I have to admit that personal observations like these, made in my own small sphere, definitely limit my perspective. However, I am an avid newspaper reader, and if there's one thing the papers are overflowing with, it's crime and corruption. There are always stories of highways and bridges being built out of substandard materials, like oatmeal, and of "underworld" figures bribing government officials to make it possible. Now, I assume these officials are not in an income bracket that would allow them to be bribed with a couple of tickets to *Hello, Dolly!* Since this kind of double-dealing has happened so many times, I would also assume that the necessary money cannot be acquired by an occasional purse-snatching or the rifling of a gumball machine. Then, of course, there are the "key witness" stories. The headline in a Sunday paper reads: "KEY WITNESS TO TESTIFY AGAINST CRIME SYNDICATE." The story in Monday's paper runs something like this: "The body of the key witness was found in Greenland today. The victim seems to have been bludgeoned to death with a lead-filled pepperoni." I think this sort of thing may point to some kind of organization.

Hollywood movies have played up this angle to the point of exaggeration. In scene one, we see a skinny, rodent-like character named Weasel. WEASEL: *"I'm gonna spill my guts out to the Feds, Rocco! The booze, the broads, the bingo — everything!"* Rocco gives Weasel a look that would peel paint off a wall and bites his cigar in half. FEDERAL AGENT: *"Don't worry, Weasel, we'll give you round-the-clock protection."* In scene two, we see the Police Chief talking to the Federal Agent. POLICE CHIEF: *"We don't know how it happened. He fell 15 stories, right through the pavement. Poor Weasel really did spill his guts."* FEDERAL AGENT: *"That's really weird, since we were keeping him in the basement."*

I've read many news stories about alleged crime syndicate involvement with New York's waterfront, and I saw them beat hell out of Marlon Brando, but recently there have been articles about strange happenings at Kennedy International Airport. It seems that six or seven million dollars worth of pilferage has been discovered. Now, that's not like a few guys stealing paper clips from the office. I can't picture a handful of unrelated, dishonest workers hiding a tractor or a couple of crates of ball bearings underneath their overalls, either. The last thing stolen was a shipment on its way to a zoo, consisting of a Bengal tiger, two giraffes and an albino hippopotamus. These are not the kind of items a thief can easily convert into cash or have "fenced." So, again, some hasty individuals are pointing their fingers at organized crime. Another interesting thing that occurred to me was the fact that the police are constantly classifying murders as the work of "professional killers"; especially when the bullet-riddled bodies have union labels on them. Who furnishes professional killers? Maybe Hertz has a rent-a-killer sideline. And there's the story an oversexed traveling salesman told me. It was about prostitutes in fifteen different states having serial numbers tattooed on the soles of their feet. This is the kind of thing that keeps the silly Mafia myth alive and kicking.

There is also the question of common knowledge. By common knowledge, I mean things everybody knows and takes for granted, like "butter is good for a burnt finger," "lions bite," etc. I recently moved into a new neighborhood and questioned some of my neighbors about the Mafia's influence in the area. I received answers like: "That restaurant is run by them for sure. The waiters all have shoulder holsters"; "the bowling alley has been run by them for years"; and "there's a rumor they have a piece of the new Synagogue, and the supermarket is Mafioso all the way." All of these statements were made as if they were common knowledge, and since they have reached that level of acceptance among the local people, I feel they are of some value. Of course, in some cases they may have jumped to conclusions. Just because the six check-out boys at the supermarket are 300-pound ex-wrestlers who walk on their knuckles and there's a body in the frozen food counter with a sign on it that says, SHOPLIFTERS WILL BE PROSECUTED, that's no reason to pin it all on the Mafia.

There is no doubt that the subject of organized crime has been a bit overplayed in some areas, thanks to Hollywood, newspaper sensationalism and human nature. There are also some cretinish individuals who will inevitably use the logic of their faulty frontal lobes to degrade all Italians. Recently, Italian-Americans in New York City reacted to this kind of generalized prejudice. Stores and businesses were closed in honor of "Italian Unity Day," and a demonstration was held, one in which I participated. However, it did strike me as a little odd that Chinese laundries and Jewish delicatessens were also closed for the occasion, and I am fairly certain that there are parts of town where it would be unwise to ridicule Al Capone publicly. But if the whole Mafia thing *is* a myth, I wish someone would tell poor old Joe Valachi, because it's no fun living in a bunker under Mt. Rushmore, even if the FBI did give him a Ping-Pong table. □



"Whiplash! Whiplash!"

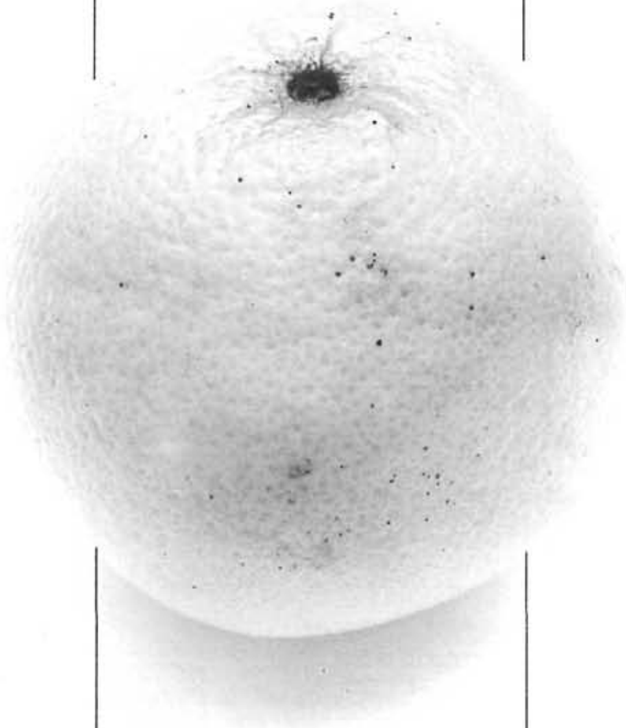
Stocking Stuffers



The reason the Cong don't join our boys in song on Christmas Eve like the Bosch did in World War I is because they don't know the words.



Under-achiever Jokes



Grapefruit

Christmas is a time to consider those less fortunate than ourselves. We of the *National Lampoon* have done more than merely consider those less fortunate, we've created a whole new joke craze about them that's sweeping the nation. The nation, needless to say, is Poland!

Q: What's an Underachiever tongue twister?
A: "Mama."

Q: Why did the Underachiever get run over on the road?
A: His dog taught him to chase cars.

Q: What's a surefire way to spot an Underachiever ?
A: By his untied shoelaces.

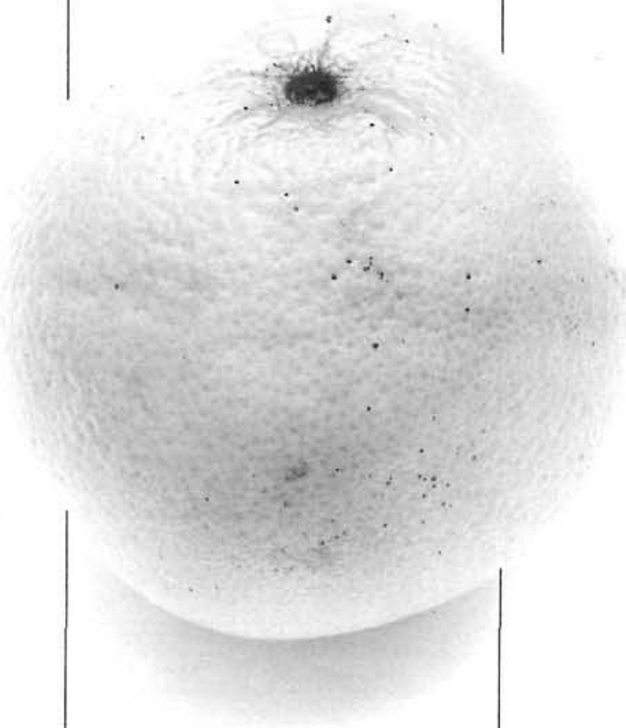
Q: Why couldn't the Underachiever eat supper?
A: He forgot where his mouth was.

Q: What TV star do Underachievers want to be like when they grow up?
A: Flipper.

Q: Why is Flipper a better TV star for Underachievers to emulate than Lassie?
A: At least Flipper will never teach anybody to chase cars.

Q: What advantage does a rich Underachiever have over a poor one?
A: He can hire someone to tie his shoelaces.

Q: Why did the Underachiever drop out of Underachievers School?



Underachiever

A: He flunked breathing.

Q: What is the favorite card game of Underachievers?

A: 52 Pickup.

Q: What card game, also popular with Underachievers, is played with *two* decks?

A: 104 Pickup.

Q: Why didn't the Underachiever kiss his mother good-night?

A: He forgot where her mouth was.

Q: What's a good present to give an Underachieving Boy who just graduated from kindergarten?

A: An electric shaver.

Q: How can you tell an underachieving Baby Elephant?

A: His tennis sneakers aren't tied.

Q: What will provide many months of reading pleasure for Underachievers?

A: A STOP sign.

Q: With patience and understanding plus years of intense training, what skills can an Underachiever master?

A: Shaking hands, rolling over, fetching a stick.

Q: What's the first chapter in an Underachiever etiquette book?

A: Which fork to eat your soup with.

Q: What is the difference between an Underachiever and a monkey?

A: A monkey does better finger paintings.

Q: What is the difference between an Underachiever and a grapefruit?

A: Difference! What difference? □

Past Things of Remembrance

Many is the musician who has had the experience of being unable to recall — in his mind — certain passages of a piece he used to play, until, actually taking up his instrument and proceeding to play it, he sails through the work from beginning to end without faltering, his fingers having remembered what his mind had forgotten. I do not, of course, mean to imply that there is no neural connection between the mind and the fingers; I merely wish to point out that, in effect, each of the various parts of the body possesses its own memory which, if not completely independent of, is at least substantially different from, that of the brain.

— Nicholas Myosotis, *The Physiology of Memory*, London, 1883

I – if indeed that is the correct term – I used to be – things used to be different. Better, certainly; at any rate, less unnerving. I don't know much about my past, but I know what I like, and there is no doubt that my present situation leaves much to be desired.

My legs, for instance, used to dance. This may seem difficult to believe, but my legs remember how to dance the minuet – the minuet! – and I often indulge them when the Doctor isn't around. (I am self-conscious enough as it is, and to be seen attempting a courtly dance would be especially embarrassing, for the skill of my legs is sabotaged at every turn by the fact that my feet have no memory whatsoever of the minuet.) My feet seem to be more at home in the mud or on a forest path. They are very large, and they have a habit of deciding to go for a walk by themselves, which is why I still have trouble maintaining my balance sometimes – in fact, if the truth were told, I tend to fall over a lot.

In this respect my hands are not much better; both of them are subject to involuntary nervous seizures that are as disconcerting as they are unpredictable. Without warning, my left hand will suddenly arch backwards and upwards, holding itself in a position which I assume is part of the classical fencing attitude; at some other time, however – perhaps hours, perhaps days later — I will find the right hand performing slow waving motions in front of my body, motions that my mind (which, on account of its moroseness, I take to be a Calvinist mind) nevertheless recognizes as those of a Catholic priest celebrating the Mass. I try to hide all these things from the Doctor, since I know how upset he would be by such visible intimations of potential failure, but one of these days, I fear, my fencing hand and my holy hand and my dancing legs and my wandering feet will all act up at the same time, and he's bound to notice.

In view of all this, I am particularly fascinated by the one part of my external anatomy that has shown no feeling – given no indication – of having had a past (yet surely it must have had one), and therefore I feel compelled to mention my private parts, knowing full well that I run the risk of overstepping the bounds of moral propriety. Actually, whereas a penis, or something like it, is obviously necessary for the evacuation of waste fluids, I often wonder why the Doctor gave me testicles at all – surely he didn't think . . . he doesn't foresee . . . Strong men are terrified at the very sight of me; there can be no doubt that even the plainest maiden would faint dead away, if not at first sight, certainly upon seeing that my face is stitched together like a wine bag, certainly upon realizing that the bumps on my head are not the horns of a satyr but rather (even more unsettling!) parts of an electrical apparatus, certainly upon – I can't even talk! A mute monolith, devoid of all . . . Or is it possible – good God, is it possible that Dr. Frankenstein, the great human plagiarist, is planning to create another being, another anatomical medley, destined to be my mate? And what if he succeeded? What if nature's strangest womb – part grave, part laboratory – were to bring forth into the world a female compendium capable of sharing the conjugal bed; would *I* then be capable? I have mentioned my private parts; I strongly suspect that the Doctor obtained my member from the body of an immature lad, since it seems to have no memory of the more sophisticated functions associated with that organ.

My face does not seem to know how to laugh, although I must admit that not much that could be called funny has happened around the castle since my rebirth. I keep waiting for something funny to happen, so that I may discover if my face remembers how to laugh.

Hello, what have we here? Such an innocent young girl doesn't belong in a desolate place like this! She doesn't see me yet – now she's turning towards me, and what a vision of loveliness she is! What's this? Aha, the member remembers, after all! The girl isn't screaming, she isn't running away! And I think I'm smiling!

Anything worth remembering is worth remembering well. □



Illustration by David A. Johnson



by Peter Schickele



THE GIFTS OF LIFE CAN B-B-BE YOURS THROUGH...
$ANTOLOGY
SPA-
FON!
IMMORTALITY
REASONABLE RATES
SANTOLOGY IS NOT A RELIGION & IS IN NO WAY RELATED TO THE CLAUSOCRUCIANS, ROSOCHRISTMASISM OR THE KAROLERS OF KRISNA KRINGLE, INC. DO NOT BE DUPED BY OBVIOUS IMITATIONS OF THIS SCIENTIFIC SYSTEM!!!
BABY
JERRY

Your Questions About Santology Answered

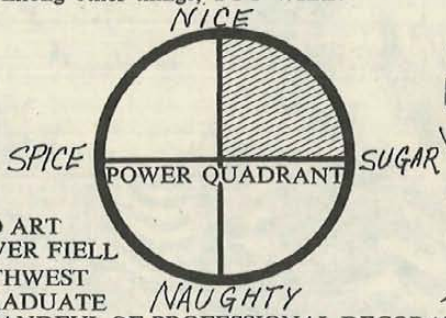
By B. Fred Tinge

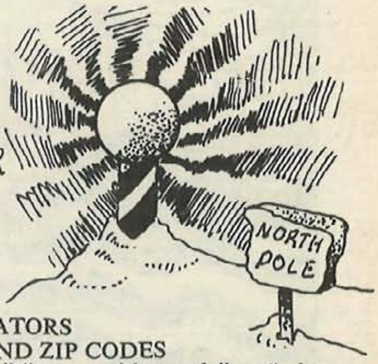
What is Santology? First of all, it is not a religion! Nor is it a Johnny-come-lately cult like some we could mention! It is a CENTURIES-OLD SCIENTIFIC SYSTEM based on historical FACT and the well-known WISDOM OF THE ANCIENTS. Thousands of people throughout time have used Santology to unravel life's mysteries and probe nature's innermost secrets, all in the privacy of their homes. In fact, Santology is the WORLD'S OLDEST continuously practiced mystical method, predating Yoga, Zen and Mah Jongg. There have been copies, but there is only one, true Santological System, and it derives directly from Nicodemus, Sage of the Chaldees and inventor of the world's first perpetual calendar and pronouncing gazetteer.

How does Santology work? Basically, Santologists recognize that the earth is subject to Principal Power Flows, and that these Power Flows can be controlled at Flux Points by properly trained individuals. The Primary Power Flow is Cosmic and consists of Orbital Tones produced by the revolution of the earth around the sun. It reaches Prime Lapse in June and Prime Peak on December 25. At Prime Peak, this Flow can be harnessed to the advantage of anyone possessing the FREE GIFTS of Santology. The Secondary Power Flow is Magnetic and represents Seminal Emanations from the North Pole. These, too, can be tapped by qualified Santologists. The Tertiary Power Flow is Atmospheric and comprises Benevolent Discharges, which can be gathered by Santologists with the correct equipment. There are other minor waves and Random Ripples of a Quadrennial or inferior nature (often mistaken for "luck" or "chance"), but they are subordinate to the Three Principal Power Flows, and only Santology can provide the key to controlling these useful forces.

At this point, people often say, "Well, that's fine for Christmas, but what about the rest of the year?" or, even, "I don't believe in Santa Claus!" Well, the fact of the matter is, the basic magnetic and atmospheric Power Flows can be controlled on a day-to-day basis to yield mastery, mental power and good mileage. And the Prime Power Flow can be stored up. It's like having Christmas 365 days of the year! Now, as for Santa Claus, this is not the familiar department store dead-ender handing out rubber novelties or the mythical flying toy store of children's tales. Such figures are the product of superstitions and mass fear and ignorance. The present-day Santa Claus (in Eastern sects, Krishna Kringle) derives from the red-garbed high priests of the Order of St. Nicholas. These powerful divines combined the Tree Worship of the Druids, the Equinoctial Rites of the Greeks, the Hearth Gods of the Romans and the Sky Riders of the Norsemen into an orderly system of Mystical Mastery.

What does Mystical Mastery mean to you? First, it means being in the critical POWER QUADRANT where you can bend men to your will, rule women and be instantly obeyed by small children, plants and pets. It also means that you will enjoy the important GIFTS of Santology. Among other things, YOU WILL:





MAIM AT A TOUCH
BE TALLER INSTANTLY
BUY BELOW WHOLESALE
PLAY WINNING CANASTA
HAVE FREE SHOES FOR LIFE
MASTER DIRECT-DISTANCE DIALING
CONVERSE FREELY IN ODD TONGUES
OPERATE POWER TOOLS LIKE A PRO
BE ABLE TO TELL GOOD ART FROM BAD ART
BREAK INTO THE LUCRATIVE SEAT-COVER FIELL
RETIRE AT 50 IN THE SURPRISING SOUTHWEST
SPEAK AND WRITE LIKE A COLLEGE GRADUATE
POSSESS SECRETS KNOWN ONLY TO A HANDFUL OF PROFESSIONAL DECORATORS
BE ABLE TO REMEMBER WITH EASE STATE CAPITALS, PRINCIPAL RIVERS AND ZIP CODES

If you've ever thought some friend, neighbor or business associate had "an eye on the ball," "a way with people" or "a lot of lucky breaks," or if you know someone who seems to leave his Christmas decorations up for most of the year, chances are you've met someone who is reaping the many rewards of Santology. And if he hasn't told you about it, it's only because all Santologists are sworn to silence to protect the secrets of the Santalogical System from thrill-seekers, known Communists and members of fraudulent rival sects. Obviously, the exact number of Santologists practicing today must remain shrouded in mystery, but to give you some idea of the wide appeal of this sect, it has been estimated that a potential Santologist is born EVERY SIXTY SECONDS!

How can you become a Santologist? In past ages, it required years of difficult training and unpleasant rituals, but now, thanks to modern teaching methods and our advanced postal system, it is possible for an average student to become rapidly proficient, at home, in all phases of this complicated discipline. The special series of correspondence courses prepared by the Santology Institute requires no more than a few hours of study a month and cost only pennies per minute. For example, for only $14.95 and one month's homework, you can achieve the basic DASHER STATE and be in a position to control Quadrennial Flows, including Minor Waves and Random Ripples, for your benefit. Higher levels of achievement from DANCER to BLITZEN naturally take more time and costs more—let's face it, this is no giveaway system that promises you the world and gives you nothing but weird lingo — but as soon as you reach each successive state, you will be able to exercise more and more control over the ETHEREAL ENVIRONMENT with all the daily advantages that means.

That, in a nutshell, is Santology. Not a religion, not a silly cult, but a proven system of COSMIC CONTROL. If you think you've been getting more than your fair share of coal in life's stocking, this is the chance you've been waiting for to cash in on the ASTRAL PASTRY. Don't delay. Write today.

Put your name on our list and receive hundreds of threatening letters, suicide notes, poison pen notices, invitations to join weird groups, fringe hate material, crank calls! You'll get death threats, insulting messages, obscene literature, sickening missives, crazy post cards, criminal communications! You'll get phony kidnapping calls, bomb threats, blackmail requests, midnight calls, quarrelsome wrong numbers. You'll hear from practical jokers, psychopaths, ex-cons, thrill-crazy children, "breathers," "moaners," "whisperers" and many, many more. Join today. An empty mailbox is the devil's workshop, and a silent phone is never golden! Write MAIL MAIL MAIL MAIL MAIL MAIL MAIL, Box 239873, Philadelphia, Pa. 19180. Don't forget Zip Codes!

The Santological Institute
1645 La Pellagra Blvd.
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FOUNDER
L. Rob Hubba

RUDOLPH
Conrad Wepse

SANTA
Gilbert T. Gasvin

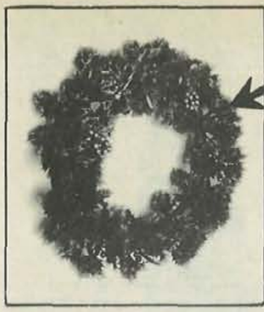
MAXIMUM ELF
Herbert L. Torslon

PRIME HELPER
B. Fred Tinge

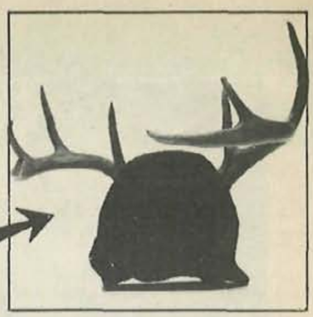


Some of the many well-known historical figures and personalities who were Santologists:

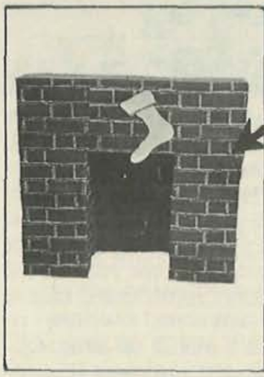
James Farley
Anton Dvorak
Ferdinand De Lesseps
Nostradamus
Darius Milhaud
Andre Maginot
Margaret Fuller
Vasco da Gama
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Anne Bradstreet
Vasco de Balboa
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COSMIC COIL. Orbital Tones, Prime Peak Pulses and Stray Rays are automatically stored up for your future use on this high-capacity Flow Accumulator. Best reception location is on wall or front door. $23.50.



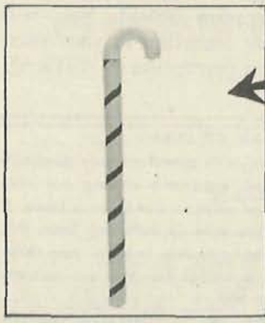
CEREBRAL RECEPTOR. You'll gather Random Ripples and other Positive Beams quickly, easily and with no danger of Nimbus Feedback on this individual Receptor. Discharges of all frequencies are picked up on the many sensitive Relay Prongs and flashed instantaneously to your Sensitive Areas. Please specify whether male or female. $49.95.



EMANATION CHAMBER (Shown with twin Solar Wind Socks). Don't allow those critical Benevolent Discharges to "go up in smoke." Even if your house lacks a chimney, the Emanation Chamber will act as a Cursory Flow Galvanator, channeling useful magnetic forces directly into your living room or den. $75. For extra capacity, twin Solar Wind Socks are ideal. $9 each, $17.50 the pair.



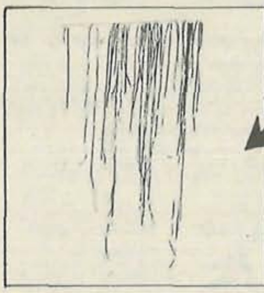
MASTER ANTENNA. The powerful Storage Globes on this North Polarizer guarantee you a year-round supply of Seminal Emanations even during periods of magnetic confusion and compass drift. Each antenna is carefully calibrated to the annual Flow Frequency and is good for an entire Broadcast Cycle. $190.



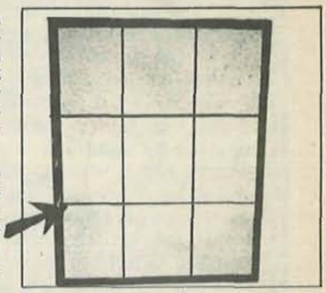
PERSONAL FLOW REGULATOR. In case you are traveling or otherwise unavoidably away from home during Maximum Flow Phases, this handy pocket-sized Flow Regulator will allow you to function as a Forceful Molecule without exhausting Control Procedures. $4.



ORBITAL TONE STIMULATOR. Whether worn discreetly about your person or mounted along the Flux Lines in your home, this simple device will synchronize your Mental Melodies with those of the earth and nearby planets, and, during periods of unusual cosmic clarity, the asteroids as well. $14.



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OPAQUING COMPOUND. Occasional Malevolent Discharges are no problem when the potentially vulnerable transparency and Astral Glare of windows is reduced. This compound cuts out over 90% of all known Negative Waves. $8.

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A simple, cheap new process turns a noisy infant into a desirable keepsake and conversation piece. For only pennies more, twins can be made into handsome bookends or andirons. E-Z Kit includes everything you need! Only $29.95. Your money back if not satised. Great American Novelties, 220 Eisenhower Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11909

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We're Looking for People Who Want to Be In-the-Know
Do you have a restless curiosity about hidden matters or maybe just want to peer behind the veil that obscures so many mysteries? If so, the Famous Secrets School could be what you're looking for. Some years ago, a group of people you've never heard of got together and pooled all their well-known secrets. The result is the world's largest collection of renowned concealed information. Send for our free booklet.

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J. N., Clasmy, Tex.: "With the aid of your excellent course, I broke into the big-time rumor field."

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In order to attain the first or Dancer State, it is important to purge your mind of all DISMAL INFLUENCES. To do this, assume the POLAR POSTURE as illustrated. (Fig. 1.) Allow yourself to become aligned with the MAGNETIC LOCUS. The location of this point can be found with a compass. At this time, it may be helpful to recite a few Relaxation Chants:

Watch Out!	On Dasher	On Cupid
Don't Pout!	On Dancer	On Donder
Don't Cry.'	On Prancer	On Blitzen
Know Why?	On Vixen	
Watch Out! etc.	On Comet	

HOHOHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH

Once you have correctly established yourself, you will feel in fundamental harmony with the PRIME WAVES. This harmony may be expressed as dizziness, nausea or unconsciousness. Don't worry! This is merely a by-product of mind clearance.



You are now ready to prepare yourself for the receipt of ASTRAL TONES. In order to clear your thoughts of all BASE CHORDS, place a Distraction Shield over your head. A large metal wastebasket or pail will work well. Once you have done this, you are ready to rid yourself of BASE CHORDS and tune in the TONES. Strike the container repeatedly with a hammer or other solid object for at least 10 minutes (Fig. 2). Remove Distraction Shield. You will notice a ringing sensation in your ears. This is your first perception of ASTRAL TONES.



Now that you have perceived ASTRAL TONES, you can proceed to the control of small-scale INFERIOR RIPPLES. This is a long but basically simple process requiring some special equipment. For first level control, you will need a Personal Flow Regulator, a pair of Power Globes, and some Flux Stripping. Pick a comfortable chair and relax. You are now ready to control any INFERIOR RIPPLES that come along (Fig. 3).

A SANTOLOGY PRAYER

Dear Santa. Thank you very much for the ASTRAL AWARENESS. It was just what I always wanted.

TESTIMONIALS

"Santology has been a great boon for me. More than once, it has provided me with the RAW POWER to achieve my will. On several occasions, I have been able—using the Santological method alone—to change street lights to serve my purposes, put pigeons to sleep and spoil cream."
H. Heldibert, San Antonio, Texas

"I don't need convincing! Although a recent student of Santology, I have found that I can cross streets without getting my feet wet and make simple mathematical calculations in my head. I also get 22 miles per gallon on regular gas."
P. Munroveny, Bristol, Pa.

"I'm no heavy thinker, but with the aid of the Santological System, I was able to read important books without moving my lips. I have also discovered that I can carry on conversations with parakeets."
B. Tacksley, Cornwall, Pa.

"Until recently, I had considerable difficulty keeping my household plants out of mischief. One large growth was particularly surly. They all now obey my slightest whim."
W. Kennilworth, Tavistock, Ont., Canada

"You weren't just whistling *Dixie* with that business about Mystical Mastery! If there's a fly left alive in my soda fountain, I'd like to shake his hand!"
L. McSweeney, Platon, Ga.

"Anyone who says Santology is bunk hasn't seen my collection of Wildlife Commemoratives!"
G. Linton, Bordentown, N.J.

UNTAPPED POWER!

A Guide to Life's Treasure Hunt

For centuries, men have yearned for peace of mind, brotherhood and happiness. But something has always kept these useful things out of human hands. What is this crippling force that enslaves and annoys millions? Are there evil genies that crawl out of toilets if you don't get into bed before they stop flushing and prevent you from recognizing and using your true powers? Can dust kitties kill? Is wrestling fixed? All of us, in every walk of life, are potential victims of unknown tremors and pulses. Can you honestly say that your bed is not providing a shelter for mental maggots? Or that your closet is not a Sargasso Sea for psychic burrowers? If you can't answer "no," it doesn't mean you're a "fraidy cat" or a "weak sister." Millions share these doubts.



FREE

There is a group dedicated to the elimination of all forms of mind-weakening forces. The inheritors of a tradition of scientific brain stimulation as old as the Eiffel Tower, the members of this organization actively pursue studies into the problems of thought purification. Let ZEN BUNNISM provide you with a life system. Send for free chain letter.

Swami Davis Jr.
ZEN BUNNISM INC.
874 Buena Luna Drive, Carvel, Calif.

CATHOLICISM CAN BE CURED!

Left to do its worst, this dread malady annually takes a heavy toll, especially among our very young and very old citizens. But there is hope. If you know someone who is suffering from this disabling condition, you can help. If you think someone may be a victim but you are unsure, give him this simple test.

1. *Briefly describe the plot of any Salinger novel.*
2. *Give a short explanation of why the sun appears to rise and set.*
3. *Rome, Italy, is noted for __________.*
4. *Match the word in Column A with the word in Column B that goes with it best:*

A	B	
		Pray
Friday	Sin	Love
Potatoes	North Korea	Church
3 in 1	French Fried	Peter and Mary
Confession	Sin	Smokes
Cardinal	Fish	Priest
Cross	Ghost	Trinity
Holy	Movie	Sin
Beads	Ireland	Sin
Paul	Bird	Sin

Send the test to The Masonite Order, 22 Cosgrove St., St. Paul, Minn. 76343. We'll send you the results and our informative pamphlet, "The Road to Cure."

OUT OF IT?

If you've ever wanted to be "with it" or "far out," to "get it all together" or "have a real gone head," or even if you'd just like to know what all those television commercials are talking about, Groovy Groups is for you. What is Groovy Groups? It's just 10 or 20 people who get together to spread funny diseases, trade hangnails, pass around old copies of the **National Geographic** and give each other pink bellies. Interested? Contact Gordon Hasselman, Groovy *Groups of America, 10459 Massachusetts Ave.,* Cambridge, Mass., 02026.

Stocking Stuffers



Hawk! The Herald Angels Sing!

Charity begins at home.
Write in amount 10 times the value of any gift received, and send to giver.

South Bend Blind Baby Foundation
245 Figaro Street
South Bend, Indiana 54934

Dear Friend.
A contribution of ________ has been made in your name by ____________ to our organization. As you may know, since 1954 the SBBF has helped countless sightless children, both in the area of research and placement. But there's more work to be done, and this generous contribution is helping us to do it. We think you'll agree that this gift is much more in the true Spirit of Christmas than the empty baubles and trinkets we are often tempted to give our friends.

Seasons Greetings
Mrs. Edith Weynhauser
Acting President

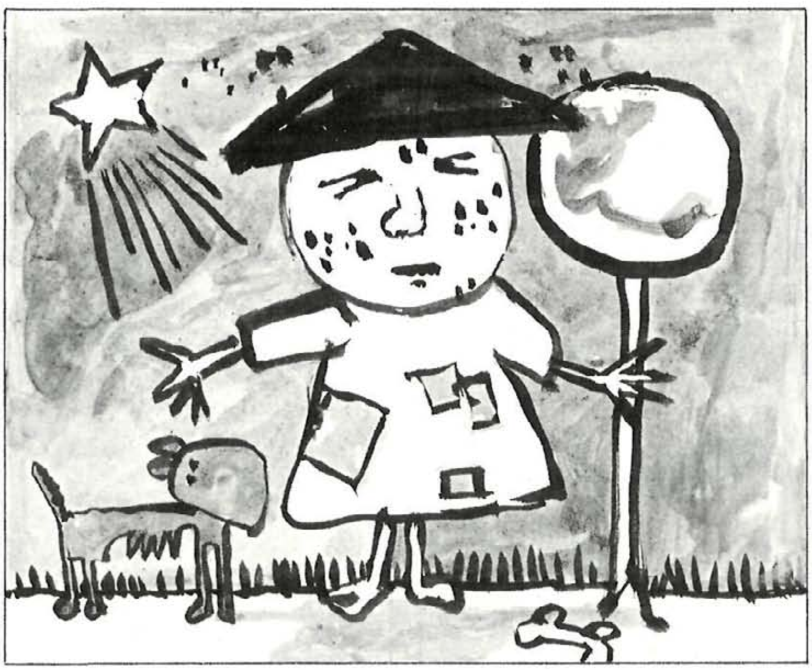
Frighten off pesky in-laws with this surefire scare tactic.

BOARD OF HEALTH

This house has been quarantined for a period of *Two Weeks* to contain the spread of CHOLERA. Entry by permit ONLY. By order of the Board of Health.

Chief Medical Officer
Southern District

Spread brotherhood with this universal message common to all people in all lands, regardless of race, creed or place of origin.

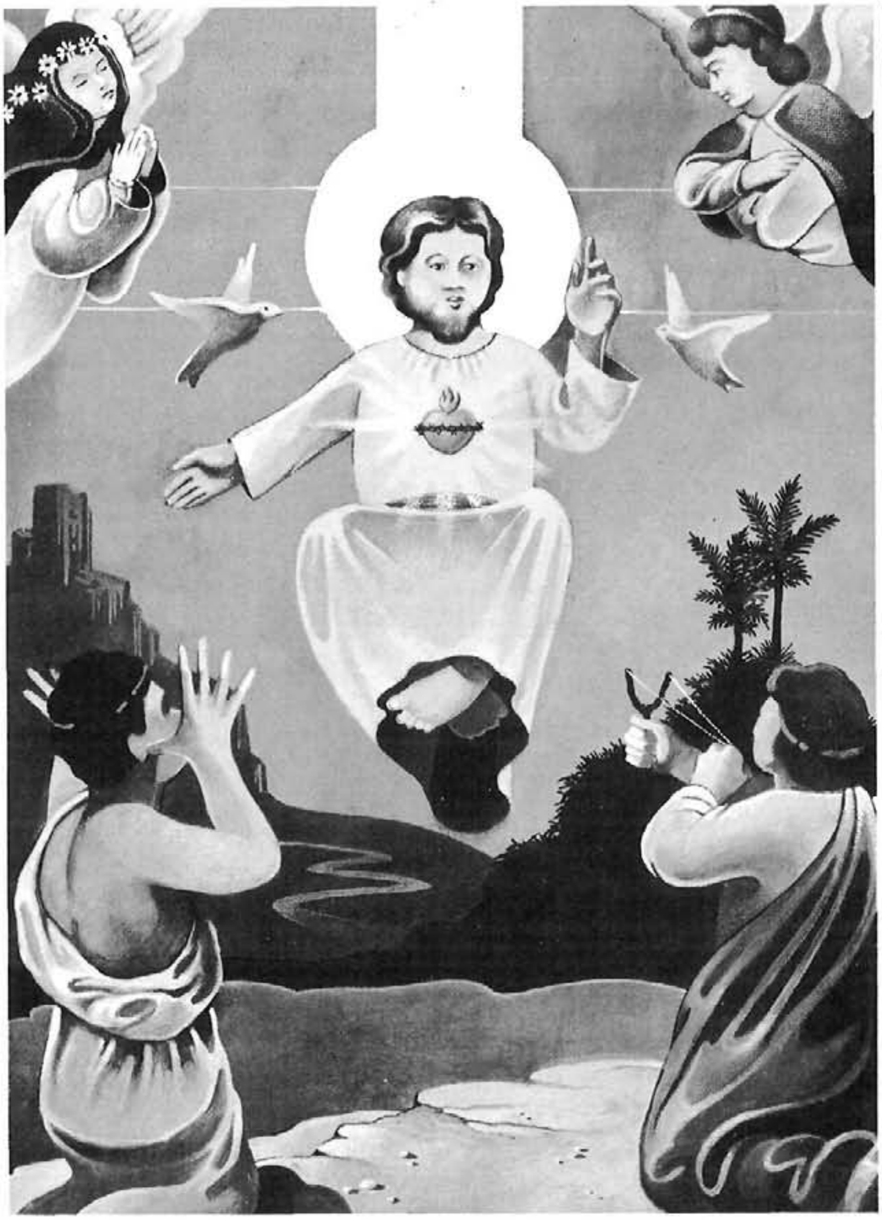


mordre mes fessé
ba'cio il mio culo
mordisco mi nalgas
仲尼居，曾子侍，金
ংগ, টাইপো থেকে বিশ্ব-

十年になりますね、正
Bite My Ass
гнáть смерч линéй
mein die Gesäß beißen

UNICIF
"Peace Through Understanding"

My Cousin Jesus Christ... a Boyhood Remembered by Moishe the Greengrocer, as told to Dick Scharp



I first saw my cousin Jesus the day after his circumcision. He was still screaming a lot, but even so he seemed more mature than most kids his age. I remember thinking that there was something unique about this newborn babe with the flaxen curls and brown beard, something that bore close watching. I guess I was right. He's making it very big with whatever it is he's doing.

Well, to begin with, we grew up in South Nazareth, a tough district on the wrong side of the camel tracks. He lived down the road from me in a small house with birds always flying around it. It was desert country and we'd amuse ourselves watching the mirages with our other cousin, John, who eventually made a nice living as a hermit before becoming a Baptist preacher and part-time lifeguard down by the Jordan River. If what those two used to tell me was true, they saw some pretty weird mirages out there.

In fact, the word "weird" best described cousin Jeez then. For instance, he never sweated. Ever. And to this day, I've not met anyone who actually *saw* him to go to the bathroom. He looked weird, too, like you could knock him over with a camel chip. He was so skinny, we joked that all the chicken soup in Israel couldn't fatten him up. He had a sunken-in chest, a pink nose and knobby knees—not quite the picture of your red-blooded Judean boy (or girl, either).

The guys sometimes teased him about the clumsy corrective sandals he wore, and he'd lash back in typically Jeez fashion by turning one of them into a frog or a chicken. Nobody likes a touchy kid, so we "lepered" him for a while. When he'd come near us, we'd chant "ding-ding, unclean" and scatter, leaving him to talk to himself, something he did very well, by the way. Like I said — weird.

Illustration by Michael Gross



I generally went to bat for him, and then the guys would let him hang out with us again. We called our gang The Firstborns, and Jeez became sort of a mascot, carrying things, fetching, washing feet and doing bidding.

That's how it was with Jeez and the gang. He'd do something shmucky, I'd square it, he'd get along with the guys for a while and he'd do something shmucky again. For me, the last straw came when he was 7. He'd suddenly became this goody-goody little brat, finking on everything the rest of us did. So, this one time we tied him to a date tree and snuck back to town to smoke some frankincense and pitch a few drachmas behind Levi's father barn. Well, Jeez found us – don't ask me how – and threatened to tell our parents. Levi was furious. "If you snitch on us, I'll pin your ears back," he told him. Jeez just said, "Verily, how can your fathers forgive ye if they know not what ye do?" We admitted he had a point there, but Levi pinned his ears back anyway and got transformed into a pillar of salt for his trouble. This really ticked the guys off because only Levi knew where to connect for the frankincense, and the information was salted away forever.

Jeez was a puzzle all right, doing and saying some strange things. I don't mean the kooky talk he's made his trademark nowadays — whomsoever, ye, thou, verily and like that; I'm talking about *what* he said. For instance, when he was 8, he started trying to play some of our games like kick-the-goad and cast-the-first-stone. It didn't take long to see that he was a wimp and a klutz at them, so he stopped joining in. He said he had to save his strength "for that long, long walk up the hill." We all thought that a strange thing to say. Anyone who's lived there knows that Nazareth is as flat as unleavened bread, like Kansas.

Anyway, instead of playing, he became the arbiter, or the arb, as it's called. As it turned out, he was terrific at it, especially calling the close ones. This made him very proud. It was a high point in his relationship with the guys.

The less physical games he played very well, however. Like seek-and-ye-shall-find. In this game, the seeker, who is It, has to find where everyone is hiding. Well, when Jeez was It, you'd go hide someplace only to find that he'd be there 10 seconds ahead of you. It was uncanny. "Jesus Christ, how'd you *do* that?" I'd ask. He just looked at you with those odd peepers of his that seemed to follow you across a room, and giggle, "Amen, amen, I say to you, 'You're It!' "

Forget playing blind man's bluff with him, though. Each time we'd find a blind guy to be It, Jeez would cure him. Pretty soon, there wasn't a blind man left in all of Nazareth. He said he felt sorry for them having to make their living selling reed styli on road corners. Even then, he was a pushover for every cripple, leper and dead man who said hello to him.

But that wasn't the half it it. Once, we all cut Temple to go swimming in the old oasis. Jeez was already there, standing on the pier that extended over the deep part. He then did something so weird, we couldn't believe our eyes. He walked to the end of the pier and stepped off . . . but he kept his legs walking as he dropped through the air and into the water. Splash. After sinking like a stale matzoh, he dog-paddled back, muttered something to himself and climbed up on to the pier again. He did it over and over. We laughed our asses off watching him. Finally Simon said, "Hey, Jeez, what're you doing?"

"Practicing," Jeez said.

As Jeez grew older, that goody-goodyness of his got worse and the gang started getting static from our folks about it. "Mrs. Christ's son is so well behaved. Why can't you be like him?" – that sort of thing. We asked Jeez to lay off the good deeds and errand-running for a while because it was making things difficult all around. He just said something snotty like, "Suffer, ye little children," or something snide like it. This from a 10-year-old squirt. We almost killed the creep.

He was sheep-dip with the guys then, and it came to pass that this was the time of the Temple Talent Contest. Jeez had entered it as Bewildo the Great, Master of the Myrrh-aculous. His greatest ambition was to be a magician and he'd practice his tricks in his father's carpentry shop.

The day of the contest arrived. When it was Jeez's turn, the Rabbi introduced him. He entered in the sorcerer's outfit his mom had made, a white swaddling toga with a little red heart painted on the chest. He looked goofy as hell and I felt sorry for him, especially since I knew what was coming. He started with some snappy stories about mustard seeds and a couple of women at a well, working the stunts in as he went along. Well, the stories were okay, but he was all thumbs with the magic. He messed everything up, the Viper Trick, Pulling the Mongoose out of the Turban – everything. The guys let him have it.

Artemas began booing and screamed for the psalm singer next on the bill. "Give us Barabbas," he yelled. The rest of us followed suit till the place was a madhouse with kids yelling, "Give us Barabbas!" The Rabbi finally had to give Jeez the hook in the middle of a trick, but not before Jeez struck Artemas dumb as a bagel.

Jeez gave up magic after that and concentrated on Temple work. In Temple, he was an apple polisher, first class, and it aggravated the way the guys were down on him. He'd raise his hand

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to give answers, speak tongues, correct the rest of us. It seemed he knew *everything*, for God's sake. Besides that, he'd stay after to erase the tablets, talk to the Elders, tell them what they were doing wrong and other general ass-kissing.

One day he was caught short, though. An Elder had asked what we all wanted to be when we grew up. Some of the guys kidded around and said, "professional sinner," "charlatan," "the Messiah,"—things like that. He got some straight answers, too—Pharisee, prophet, merchant, dentist and one gynecologist. Then the Elder came to my cousin and asked what *he* wanted to be.

"Jesus Christ," my cousin said proudly. Naturally, we all laughed like hell. The Elder said, "Boychik, dummy, you already *are* Jesus Christ."

Jeez was stunned. "*The* Jesus Christ?" he asked.

"Of course. Who'd you think," said the Elder, "Meyer the tailor or somebody? Hah hah." Jeez scratched his beard and sat down all confused and upset. One week later, he announced that he wanted to become a Catholic. Well, I've always said that you can't be as brilliant as my cousin without having it screw up your brain in some little way.

Before going any further, I should say something about the nature of his relationship with his mother. It was strictly on the up and up, despite what anybody says. My Aunt Mary was a strong-willed woman, a typical Jewish mother devoted to her weird son. He, in turn, was a mama's boy and just as devoted. Both of them ignored Jeez's father, Joe Christ. I don't know why. The gossips whispered that Joe and Mary had a slingshot marriage, but – who knows? A Samaritan fishmonger claims he saw Mary with child long before she married my uncle Joe. Uncle Joe took care of her and the kid, though, and made a nice living building antiques. Or did, until Jeez was 13.

At the time of his Bar Mitzvah, Jeez gave serious thought to earning a living. He wasn't trained for anything in particular, but he had a small talent for exhorting and commanding, for which there was little demand at the time. So he tried working his father's shop.

It was a disaster, a kid who couldn't shuffle a deck of cards trying to handle a hammer and nail. He'd bash his thumbs and then zonk his forehead with the backswing. Even worse was the kind of stuff he turned out once he got the hang of the equipment. Mystical Furniture, he called it—one-legged stools, topless tables, magic wands, swaybacked chairs, false-bottomed boxes — dumb things nobody could use. Finally, his father kicked him out of the shop. Business had dropped 50 per cent.

The experience convinced him that he wasn't cut out for manual labor, so he decided to return to his first love – sorcery. One day, he got a trick idea he swore was surefire: He would make a camel walk through the eye of a needle.

"That's a stupid idea," I said. "Be something else. A publican. Anything. They're screaming for scribes in Arimathea. You aren't a magician."

He wasn't convinced. "Times hath changed. All ye need is one big trick. One blockbuster and ye're made forever."

Okay, what did I have to lose except a little time? I went to the garage and borrowed my father's camel. Jeez held a small needle in front of its puss and commanded the camel to walk through the eye. The camel just sat there. He asked the camel again. Nothing. He implored it, begged it, pleaded, threatened, sweet-talked, everything he could think of. Finally, the camel got up off the ground, ate the needle and bit his hand.

One day, though, I ran over and yelled inside, "Hey, Jeez, we need you to arb a game of gourdball."

"I can't," he replied, "I've got to practice praying."

I only mention this little incident to point up a different aspect of my cousin's life – what a terrific prayer he was. Thanks to his mother, who made him take praying lessons and saw that he practiced an hour each day, he became a first-class prayer. Slow prayers, fast prayers, cocktail prayers, mood prayers – you name it, he could pray it. He even made up new ones.

Another thing he was terrific at was fasting. He could do it with the best of them. I see where he holds some kind of world's record – 40 straight days without a bite. I'm not surprised. He used to practice fasting every day. I guess that explains why he was so skinny. Also why he never went to the john. Like my momma says, that's what happens when you don't eat.

Well, Nazareth certainly is proud of Jeez's success, though we haven't been able to figure out what line of work he's in. We heard about his feeding multitudes and thought he'd opened a nice kosher delicatessen somewhere. Then came the stories about him curing people, so we figured he had a clinic and was making a few shekels as a doctor. Some people passing through told us that Jeez had "saved" them. That has to mean he's some kind of bank president, right? That would be good, too, but not as good as a doctor. Whatever, we'll continue keeping tabs on our favorite son's exploits, looking for a sign, a clue, a shingle – anything. Maybe he'll explain his job at the big testimonial supper they're giving him in Jerusalem next month during Passover.

I've been reading in the Nazareth Daily Word of Mouth where Jeez has mellowed and isn't so critical of people's faults anymore. That's good. What's bad, though, are the rumors that say he's a big sissy, rumors based on nothing more than the fact that he wore short togas and bunny sandals until he was 25. Take it from me, whatever Jeez was, he wasn't a faygeleh. Don't ask me how I know. I know! All he was when he was a kid was weird and strange. As for now, I'll admit that the sight of 13 grown men roaming the roads of Judea is a little suspicious. But that's their business. As long as they don't hurt anybody.

I can't think of a better way to end these remembrances than to tell how Jeez got started in this mystery job of his. He was 30 at the time, and since his mother couldn't bear to cut the cord, he was still living at home and being supported by his father. As it happened, the whole clan was invited to a wedding in a little town called Cana. The trip was long and we were all thirsty as hell when we arrived. So, a few swigs to wash down the road dust led to a few to be sociable and, before we knew it, most of us were sloshed. Especially Jeez.

Anyway, the booze and wine ran out while the party was still in high gear. All that was left was a gourd of Mogen David, 10 B.C., a rotten year. Afraid the party would be a dud, Jeez's mother asked him to do something. She meant him to run an errand to the local wine shop, but he was so looped he misunderstood her. He *did* something, all right. His magic act.

Well, Jeez doing tricks sober is funny enough; doing them drunk is hysterical. We rolled on the floor laughing at him, just like old times. Then he announced his blockbuster – turning six firkins of water into muscatel. He did some mumbo-jumbo, walked on his knees and said, "Presto-chango, 'tis now wine." We went along with the gag and dipped in for a swig. Would you believe it, it *was* wine. Don't ask how he did it — probably an accident – but he did it. Jeez was more flabbergasted than anyone. I think it scared the hell out of him, too, but he covered up, joking, "That's me, the li'l ol' winemaker. Heh heh."

The word spread throughout Cana and suddenly the place was crawling with centurions looking for Jeez to book him for making bathtub wine. He high-tailed it out of there and hit the road, falling into what he's doing naturally, rabble-rousing and dodging the law. Funny how things work out for the best, isn't it?

Well, I hope Jeez finds that one, big, blockbusting trick that'll set him up for life. Until then, I hope he's saving his pennies. These fads don't last forever, and the fickle crowds that follow him now will leave him for the next pretty face that comes along.

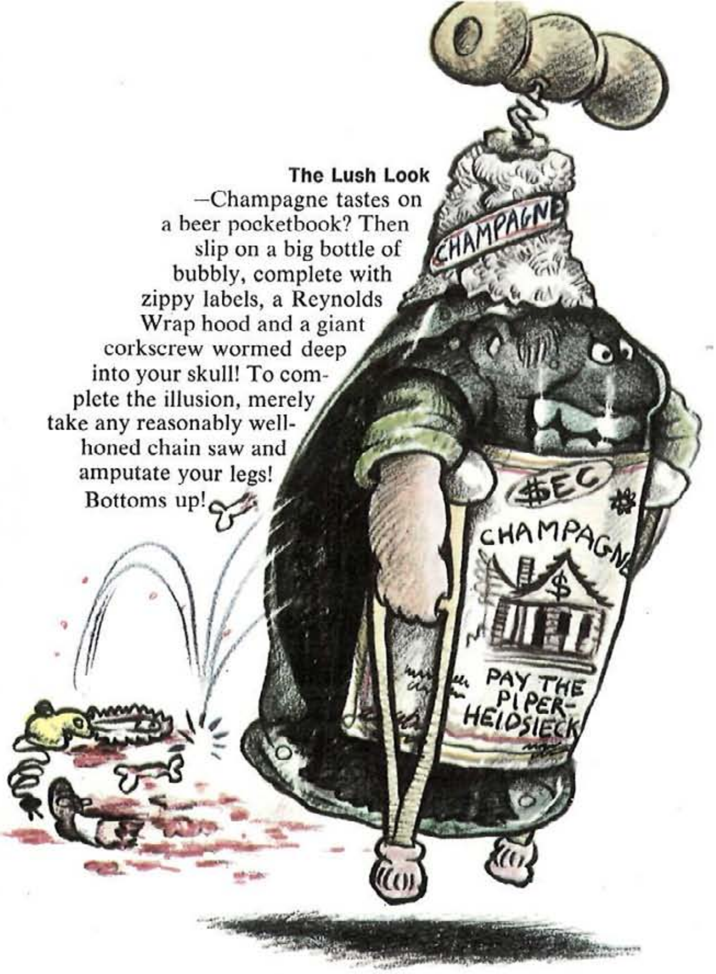
Like my mother says, better he should have been a dentist.—*John Boni*

6 Surefire Costumes Guaranteed to Get You on 'Let's Make a Deal!'

Turn the page for some daffy duds to wear to your favorite TV show . . .

By Michael O'Donoghue and Rick Meyerowitz



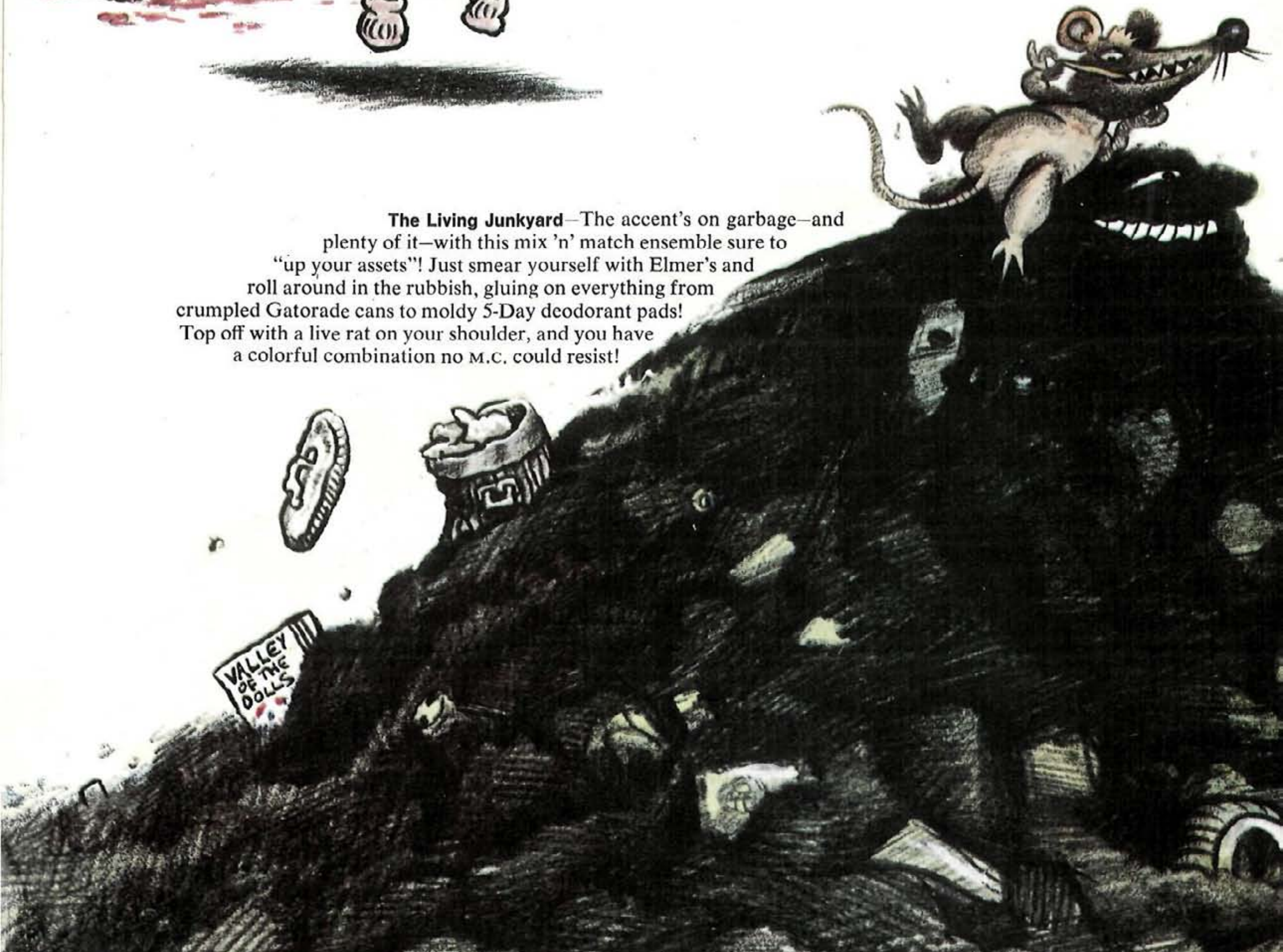


The Lush Look —Champagne tastes on a beer pocketbook? Then slip on a big bottle of bubbly, complete with zippy labels, a Reynolds Wrap hood and a giant corkscrew wormed deep into your skull! To complete the illusion, merely take any reasonably well-honed chain saw and amputate your legs! Bottoms up!



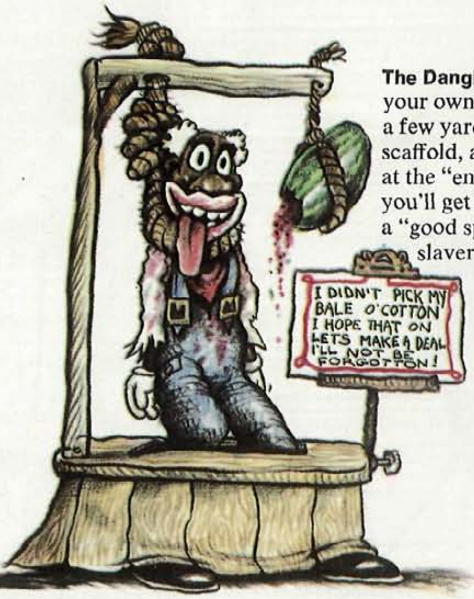
The Barbecued Monk —Talk about surefire! Here's an attention-grabber that requires nothing more elaborate than pouring a gallon of petroleum over your head! A flick of the Zippo and you're "cooking with gas"! An added advantage of this costume is that Monty sort of has to choose you first!

The Living Junkyard—The accent's on garbage—and plenty of it—with this mix 'n' match ensemble sure to "up your assets"! Just smear yourself with Elmer's and roll around in the rubbish, gluing on everything from crumpled Gatorade cans to moldy 5-Day deodorant pads! Top off with a live rat on your shoulder, and you have a colorful combination no M.C. could resist!



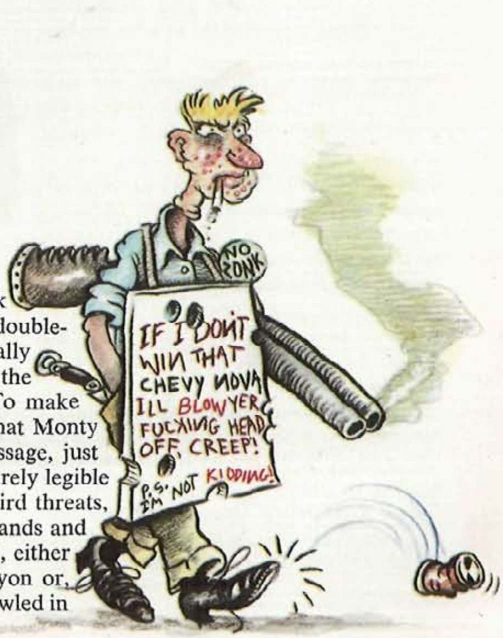


Outskirts of Shangri-La —This one-of-a-kind jumpsuit is both eye-catching and easy to make! Merely kill a very old lady, skin her, and "put her on," so to speak! If this sounds a mite callous, remember that you can always buy your "silent partner" a little perpetual something at Forest Lawn with all the "long green" you'll be "raking in"! One hand washes the other!



The Dangling Darky —Take fashion law into your own hands with some burnt cork, a few yards of hemp and a makeshift scaffold, all you need to show Monty you're at the "end of your rope"! If already black, you'll get extra consideration for being a "good sport" about those 200 years of slavery, torment and Dixie Peach Pomade!





The Psychopath — A Richard Speck mask and a double-barreled shotgun virtually assure you of being the big winner! To make "dead" certain that Monty gets the message, just carry a barely legible sign with weird threats, unbalanced demands and warped innuendoes, either printed in crayon or, better yet, scrawled in blood!

Peace Comes to the Middle East

by Isidore Silver
and Golda Meir

אהדבריםמרחיביןבאלהד — that is my unflinching answer whenever I am questioned about the peace treaty that ended the Middle Eastern War. For those who know Hebrew, these are the Holy Words of Words, from the Sentence of Sentences, from the Paragraph of Paragraphs of the Sacred Book of Books (at least, that's what Abba who is — or says he is — versed in the Old Testament keeps telling me). For those who are unfamiliar with the delicate and exquisite Hebrew phrase, redolent with the dazzling sunlight of a Haifa morning, I say — oh, the hell with it. But, whereof would I use such powerful language to express my innermost feelings of gratitude and joy, and wherefore *should* I use it? To describe the pure effulgence of the Treaty — a work of art comparable to the best Israeli flatware — I must begin at the beginning. For not to do *so would be a* ברימשאיזל *, and the treaty* would be cursed from the day of its inception.

Even the casual reader of his country's newspapers will remember the Great Crisis of July, 1971. At that time, after all American efforts at peacemaking had failed (including the last-minute trip of Vice-President Agnew's to Amman, which unfortunately terminated in Istanbul, where he spoke for three hours



Illustration by Stan Mack

about the Nixon Doctrine before realizing his mistake), Egypt launched a massive assault across the Suez Canal and proclaimed a *Jehad* (Holy War, to non-Semites). Fortunately, the attack was defeated by three brave Israeli frogmen, who, under the personal command of Moshe Dayan, spent the evening before the invasion drilling holes in the Russian LSTs. As with most Russian *shlok*, the boats suffered from excessive rusting so that the task of sabotage was facilitated. Israeli intelligence had – through means which are yet unrevealed today (even to me) – altered Egyptian invasion maps so the LSTs would be rerouted and thus sink at certain locations, which, it was later discovered, were exactly above the hulks of seven bullion and munition laden ships originally mired in the canal in June of 1967.

The Egyptian invaders sank in toto (Abba tells me that term is an old Hebrew one mercilessly stolen from our people by the Romans in 79 B.C. — we shall not forget) and the drowning men fell from the LSTs into the hulks. By a "miracle," these valuable hulks were then instantly thrust to the surface by atomic-powered hydraulic jacks that had been installed by our valiant Seabees in April of 1971. Not one Arab boy died, thanks to the enormous lift capacity of our jacks, so that, in one fell swoop, we captured 30,000 soldiers. The raised hulks were then towed into Haifa harbor by the three French battleships which Israeli intelligence had cleverly obtained from that hostile country the previous May (if you remember, the checks bounced). The Egyptian commander, standing on the shore of the Canal, was stunned and immediately tore off the white veil of his mistress (who had accompanied him to the front) and sued for peace. And well he should have, for our atomic-tipped underground-to-underground missiles (nicknamed the "Moshes" – rather silly, I thought) were pointed at Cairo and our heroic underground missilemen were ready to pounce.

For those who may think the last sentence too callous for a nation as religious as Israel, please be reassured that we knew in advance that there would be no necessity to fire our "Moshes." I can now reveal that Israeli intelligence had even chosen the exact date of the Arab invasion and that, in combination with the hydraulic-jack operation (called Plan *Lokshen* — or Noodle, by those idiots who devise such names), an Arab surrender was assured. For in their Koran it is written, [illegible], which translated means בשעהאח אשלשהדבריםמרחי, which re-translated means: "On July 12, 1971, Allah will smile upon your camels and your invasion plans." Knowing the sacredness of the Arab holy book, we assumed the Arabs would interpret the language literally. [ED. NOTE: An assiduous investigation of the Koran (7th edition, Holy Book Publishing Co., Damascus) reveals no such saying. But a strong rumor – which Mrs. Meir refuses to confirm or deny – has led us to believe that the Arab world was inundated with fabricated Korans for up to two years prior to the Crisis. One copy has been confiscated; it is dedicated "To Marvin, for his Bar Mitzvah."]

Despite the dramatic display of the white veil, peace came slowly to the Middle East; our good friends the Americans asked the Egyptian commander to reconsider his impulsive surrender. They wanted to make sure he understood that what he was doing was right, and that he – and his people – would not be everlastingly bitter. America wanted to be certain that any peace solution was a sincere and permanent one. Some of my colleagues have maintained that America did this solely to insure that we would return the hulks and their contents to their rightful owners. I have been assured that this was not true and that no economic interests dictated American caution. I only bring this up now to help clear the air of any lingering suspicion, and I am quite willing to accept the word of Ambassador David Eisenhower on this matter.

Finally, on October 17, 1972, at Nicosia, Cyprus, we met to sign the peace treaty. For more than one year, negotiations had proceeded upon a difficult course. Mr. Jarring – who spoke neither Hebrew nor Arabic and a rather limited English – although unquestionably sincere in his Herculean efforts, was hampered by a lack of funds. (You may remember that 1972 was the difficult year when the United States refused to pay her U.N. dues because of the Security Council's condemnation of the American pre-emptive strike at China to protect the lives of the 13 American soldiers left in Saigon.) Thus, periodically, Jarring was required to suspend his Berlitz lessons.

The Arab nations refused to meet with us face to face and refused to read their own translator's version of our documents because they believed that any Arab who knew Hebrew was, most likely, one of our intelligence agents. The only one they – and we – would trust was Jarring.

But, with the ineffable aid of the Almighty of Almighties, the Nameless of the Named, the Unknowable of the Unknown, Jarring finally learned enough of the relevant languages to be able to communicate with all of us. Indeed, that's really beside the point. By the time the endless conferences, position papers, *aides-mémoire, memoires d'état* and *respondas alla requestas* were concluded, almost a year had passed. A draft treaty, transcribed into five languages, was finally approved by the nations involved. (After Mr. Agnew's visit, Turkey demanded a place at the peace table, claiming that it had acquired former American vital interests in the area.)

Thus, on October 17, 1972, we met at the Palace of the Most Sacred Herb in Nicosia at 6 A.M. Some may wonder at the strangeness of the hour, but it was discovered that every other day in October was a religious holiday of one of the 12 religions involved in the peace settlement. Between Rosh Hashanah, the Russian Festival of Light, the Druze holiday of the Bleating Sheep (Lebanon, since it was to be divided, was represented) and other solemn occasions, only Tuesday the 17th was mutually acceptable. Our Ceremonial Occasions Committee had scheduled the final meeting for 3 P.M., when the rays of the oppressive sun would have been cooler (according to the Cabala and the weather bureau), but, at the last minute, King Hussein called to say that his Hashemite Holy Day Honoring the Forlorn Pets precluded any secular activities after noon. Thus, after frantic scurrying, we managed to reschedule the formal ceremony for 6 A.M.

How well I remember that fiery morning! I had not slept well the night before (Mr. Meir is a sound sleeper; he has the Middle East concession for Barcaloungers and has learned to relax).

Precisely at 6 A.M. we entered the Sacred Hall of the Gentle Weaver, where the last ceremonies were to occur. The heat was unbearable, the morning sunlight roared through the windows and the room resembled the very tapestry of a (Christian) hell; it was blood red. The walls with their delicate ivory carvings and their jade gargoyles seemed to cry for relief. I wore Bermuda shorts in anticipation of the mugginess of the day. The cavernous hall, with its 30-foot-high, narrow windows, was sparsely furnished: a 60-foot table with plush leather chairs facing away from it (the Arabs still did not want to face us directly and I wasn't in the mood to fuss, at that point), and a few Barcaloungers for delegates who suddenly felt weary or faint.

President Nixon had thoughtfully provided long yellow writing pads, pens, water glasses and the Loungers (actually, through a subsidiary of Mr. Meir's company), and at the lower end of the hall, there were colorful serving trays with the national dishes and drinks of each country. Abba, Moshe and I walked slowly through the great domed room. Abba fingered the tapestries on the wall and said, "Not bad, not bad. Good cloth but sloppy workmanship." Moshe was worried about the ability of our hidden

(continued)

microphones to pick up sounds in this large vacuum. Suddenly, the 12-foot-high oak doors opened and the Arabs came in.

In accordance with their religious customs and political preferences, they were veiled and turbaned although dressed in business suits. I recognized Arafat, though, from his general heaviness and because his loose burnoose could not cover his prominent, sunburned nose. Hussein wore a jet pilot jumpsuit (I now understand that when Vice-President Agnew first saw him, the night before, he kept calling the Jordanian Monarch 'Mr. Ky.") very sleekly cut. Slowly, the other delegations entered: the resplendent Turks with their curved knives (Moshe had had them checked and assured me they couldn't cut a slab of margarine); the Russians, stiff and formal in their ill-cut 1948 business suits; the British braving the blazing sun with rented cutaways (Sir Alexander Douglas-Home, despite the formality of the proceedings, arrived casually, reading a book by Truman Capote).

There were several servants. Mr. Jarring, looking rumpled and unshaven, entered with his arm chained to an attache case containing copies of the treaty (our heroic agents had checked that the night before). Where were the Americans?

At 6:25, again the doors were flung open. An honor guard of 12 men entered. Abba whispered to me, "I didn't know the Pope would be here - those are his Swiss troops aren't they?" Moshe said no, they were President Nixon's White House Guards. Abba shrugged and went over to talk to the English about an Anglo-Israeli cricket match. Then, in came President Nixon, Vice-President Agnew and Secretary of State Rogers. Mr. Agnew looked as clean as I have ever seen him – and, in the Middle East, that is an occasion for awe. A fourth man entered behind Mr. Nixon, holding a book, and Moshe and I looked quizzically at each other. Who was he? Why was he there?

After we took our places around (obviously, the wrong word to describe 40 people facing walls and windows rather than each other) the table, we craned our heads to watch President Nixon. He stood at the head of the table and introduced his guest to us; it was someone named Graham. Mr. Nixon said that Mr. Graham would offer a short prayer service for the success of the parley. This provoked loud outcries from King Hussein who said – in lilting English – that it was a mortal sin for a Hashemite to attend any other religious prayer service on the Holiday of the Forlorn Pets.

I was quite angry, also, since I had assumed that this was to be a purely secular undertaking. Accidentally, Hussein and I turned to face each other across the wide table, united in a common cause. Mr. Graham had not heard the King's outcry and had commenced an ear-shattering series of wails (better than anything I had ever heard in Jerusalem); Mr. Agnew, attempting to stop Mr. Graham, slipped on the highly polished floor. Mr. Graham saw that and stopped to ask for one moment of silence for "our fallen comrade," while Hussein and I were both trying to get Mr. Nixon's attention. Finally, Mr. Graham said, "Amen," and Mr. Nixon asked for a five-minute recess to discuss this entire matter with both Arab and Israeli representatives. Hussein refused to meet with us, so he sent a young Arab boy servant (of whom he seemed particularly fond) and I sent Abba.

After a hurried consultation, Mr. Nixon, now visibly more confident, announced that equal time would be given for Hashemite and Jewish prayers and that, accordingly, the Arab boy would chant a prayer for newly born goats and Mr. Eban would talk of the obligation of a moral man in an immoral world. That incident delayed the proceedings for 40 minutes.

After the prayers, it was 7:10 A.M. The sun poured through the windows with relentless fury and room felt like a cauldron. Again, my thoughts turned heavenward. Could this be a visitation from Jahweh, a perpetual condemnation to perdition? The Atonement of Atonements for the Sin of Sins? We were hot, I can tell you. As Mr. Nixon talked of America's gratitude for the treaty and of his overwhelming desire to go down in History as a Man of Peace (resulting originally, I believe, from a high school debate in which he had taken the positive on the proposition – "Resolved that peace is better than war"), dark splotches stained his suit. Abba leaned over to whisper, "Poor man, he's wearing such a cheap gabardine." Beads of perspiration broke out also on Mr. Agnew's forehead and meandered onto his suit. Perspiration poured through the turbans of the Arabs and made their veils virtual kettles of steam. Abba chuckled, "Those English worsteds. The Arabs should not always take seriously their saying – Dress British, Think Yiddish."

I turned to Moshe, who also appeared to be wilting rapidly and asked, "Did you interfere with the air-conditioning system when you had the microphones planted in the ducts?"He shook his head vigorously in denial. Several of the delegates were heading for the Barcaloungers in apparent anxiety over increasing heat prostration. Abba, who was thumbing through a manual called *A Handy Guide to International Religions*, suddenly gasped, "No wonder we're all hot. No one came to turn on the air conditioning. We never realized it, but today is a Cypriot religious holiday." I was startled: "You mean, we arranged this conference after paying meticulous attention to the religious needs of all participants, and we forgot about our hosts?"

Moshe glared at him. "And you want to be the next Premier, hah!" Abba fiercely whispered, "I was only instructed to ascertain the religious complications involving the *participants*." Moshe repeated, "Hah." Suddenly, Abba showed me the notation in the Manual under "Men, Holy – Cyprus." It read, "The Cypriot Wise Man is *El Chochem* and he is permitted under the principles of Reform Chedykism, the official religion, to grant dispensations from holidays." Abba noted smugly that "*El Chochem*" meant, literally, "The Man ,"and the task would be simple: Locate "The Man" and have him give a dispensation. Even my Bermuda shorts were sopping, so I interrupted Mr. Nixon while he was reminiscing about his peace-making efforts as an ensign in the United States Navy during World War II to suggest a short recess while we searched for "The Man."

As it developed, *El Chochem* the Venerable was out of town at a Religious Artifacts conference but had granted blanket dispensation to *two* maintenance men. They were from different unions and had been in the basement of the Palace since 4 A.M. debating the exact terms of the dispensation and its relevance to the union contracts. Abba convinced them to allow the air conditioning to be turned on and then to take the entire matter to arbitration.

Again, the conference resumed: It was 7:45 A.M. Ironically, the delays had served a valuable function; we all realized the puny insignificance of mortal man and his mediocre undertakings; we became disinclined to create any last-minute commotions. Quickly, copies of the treaty in English, Russian, French, Arabic, Hebrew and Yiddish (I do not read Hebrew too well) were passed around and we spent some time carefully reading their contents.

By now, you all know of the substantive provisions of the agreement and I shall only mention them fleetingly: Israel was recognized by Egypt and Jordan (Syria, Iraq and Saudi Arabia, after their revolutionary governments gained power, also agreed); the Sinai was internationalized and became the site of an international exposition devoted to a history of — and the peaceful applications of the principles of — sand; the Palestine Liberation Front was given a large kibbutz in the Golan Heights (to be colored purple on world maps and called Greater Transjordan) and a loan from the American government to plant 500,000 orange trees; the boundaries of the kingdom of Jordan were changed so

that the nation would have a length of 6,000 miles to run from the Black to the Red Sea (partly through what was formerly Lebanon, Syria and Turkey) and a width of one mile — thus making its borders insecure but defensible, since any country invading Jordan would automatically find its troops entering another country before they could stop; the Middle East Alliance Treaty (called MEAT) was established to secure the fruits of Peace (the treaty was in effect every day of the week except on Wednesdays) and all Russian missiles in this area were renamed "Goldas" (a provision I fought against assiduously and was ultimately unhappy with).

Since President Nixon has been touring America in his re-election campaign describing these provisions and his Greater Middle Eastern Co-Prosperity Sphere in great detail, doubtlessly none of this is news to our American friends. Of course, Ralph Nader, Mr. Nixon's Democratic opponent, has been openly attacking the treaty's provisions about a series of north-south oil pipelines, but this is expected to have little weight in American politics.

By 9 A.M., the signing ceremony had begun in earnest. Mr. Nixon passed out Bic pens for the use of the delegates. (As part of the settlement, the Egyptian commander was to retire to head the Middle East operations of that company; we had fought hard for a Barcalounger exclusive-territory concession and had succeeded, so you can see how truly fair the agreement was.) Then, the most touching moment of the entire conference occurred: As I was about to sign the Hebrew copy, Arafat suddenly removed his veil and swiveled his chair toward me. It was our first face-to-face meeting. He looked harried though happy. He reminded me of a man in a movie I had once seen in Milwaukee; although I forget the actor's name, he had been depicted as having struck a bad bargain with Sidney Greenstreet. Well, Arafat had that look. He ran an imposing forefinger down his copy of the Hebrew version and forcefully pointed to a certain word. "Mrs. Meir," he gently said, "the word you have here is 'Geduld.' I think you meant to say 'Beduld.' 'Geduld' would change the entire meaning of the sentence." I looked quickly at Abba and said, "Is that right?" He seemed discomfited and delivered a short lecture on the differences between Church and Common Hebrew but finally admitted that "Geduld" was not the preferred term according to *Thirty Days to a More Effective Hebrew*. Finally, Abba admitted that future scholars might well mistake the Talmudic "Beduld" for the archaic "Geduld." I looked gratefully at Arafat as I handed him my Bic to make the necessary change and to initial it. Abba then whispered, "But, how could he have known? My God, do you think he's. . . — ?" His quavering voice trailed off.

After the signing, we dispersed to our national tables. The tension was broken. I consoled Moshe, who was still upset about Jordan's success in obtaining borders from "sea to shining sea." He also seemed bothered by my constant attention to Abba; I was mussing his hair playfully. As we chatted, Arafat came over, beaming. He clapped a hairy arm around Moshe and said, "Well, now we don't have any fighting."

I could see that his cheerfulness was feigned and that he was as upset as Moshe. Moshe turned to him and said, "Well, I suppose that you're going to enjoy settling down in Greater Trans-jordan and growing oranges." Arafat said, "Yes, I suppose so, for a while. There will be much to do, checking the credentials of those Arabs who want to move in, making sure they're true Palestinians. After all, we cannot admit everybody who wants to come. That would create many welfare cases." Mr. Agnew, who happened to walk by (very gingerly) at that moment, beamed. "But, after that," Arafat shrugged, "who knows? There is still Kurdish freedom to fight for."

Moshe brightened. "The Kurds? I never thought of that. But I guess I'm too light-skinned to be accepted by them." Arafat grinned, "I understand that there's an Armenian People's Movement forming. Your skin color would be no trouble there." Moshe mused: "The Armenians? That's not a bad idea. I shall have to think it over." He glared balefully at the Turks, who were joyfully practicing a sabre dance and facetiously challenging the Russians to send the Moiseyev Dance Company to Istanbul.

Suddenly, the great oak doors opened and a wizened, gnarled old man dressed in simple robes entered. We all looked about in astonishment. He stood by the door, ancient eyes beholding the scene, and said nothing. Was this a visitation, a Sign? Suddenly, with a barely discernible croak, he said, "I am *El Chochem*. I have just returned from a religious conference. I am ready to bless the success of this meeting." We looked astonished and someone quickly explained that the conference had ended. *El Chochem* turned to an equally wizened figure dressed in Cyprus's national colors (red and gold, like the University of Wisconsin) and hissed, "You didn't brief me." He suddenly looked across the room directly at me, and his compelling, limpid gaze held me, as if in a vice. "Well," he finally intoned, "if I can't bless the conference, the least I can do is get the first dance."

The rest of the morning was joyous! The Cypriot National Band arrived and we danced until noon. They played the national dances of all the countries involved (although they had some difficulty with *The Star-Spangled Banner*) and then, as if inspired by a transcendental God, played the folk dances. I danced and danced, first with *El Chochem*, who said, "Mrs. Meir, it's a pity that my successor cannot be a woman. But my Sacred Religious Council – a group consisting of all my second cousins – has decreed otherwise." I danced with President Nixon, who, flinging all protocol aside, loosened his tie and asked whether there was any nice land that could be bought for investment in the Negev. I danced with Arafat and asked him how he knew so much about the Hebrew language; he smiled shyly and his reply was enigmatic, "I always respected my mother." I danced with Moshe and assured him that there was always a job for him in Israel if he chose to return. The only one I didn't dance with was King Hussein, who whirled around the floor with his Arab boy; I attributed that to the absence of women in the room.

Mr. Jarring was the only one who didn't partake in the joyous festivities; he came around to ask for money to pay the secretaries who had typed up the treaty copies. The occasion was truly magnificent, a bounty from a good God and quite reminiscent of some of the better dances at the Milwaukee Y.W.H.A. At noon, when King Hussein suddenly announced that he had to leave to slaughter a favorite pet to inaugurate his holy day, a great hush descended. The sunlight poured through, the air conditioning whirred, and the resplendent guards threw open the great oak doors. As Hussein walked out, his arms fondly around that Arab boy in a gesture of peace and love of mankind, I knew that a benificent deity had ordained a new day for the Middle East. At least, until Wednesday. □



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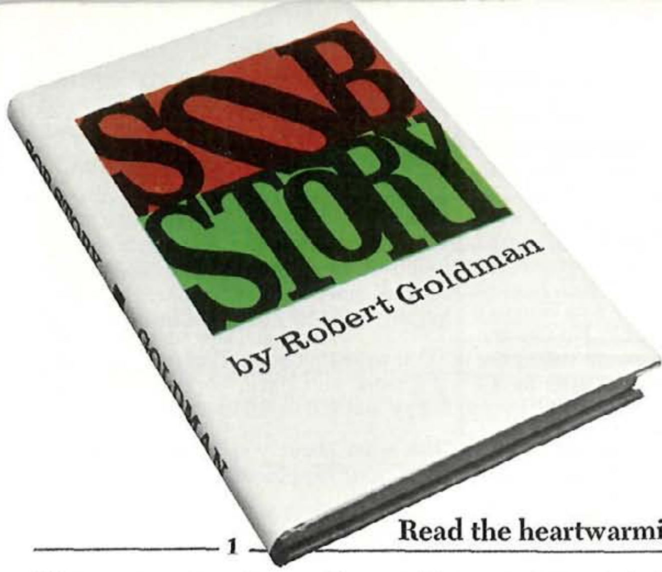
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in this Holy Season

Long time no see,
as the priest
said to the 10-day old
mackeral!
Let's get together soon.
P.




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Read the heartwarming, best-selling Love Story of a boy and his wallet.

— 1 —

What can you say about a 32-year-old boy who strikes it rich?

— 2 —

In the fall of my senior year, I got into the habit of studying at the Radcliffe library. Not that Nate Pusey has to worry. The Harvard library is a good library. Even when you are a jock. Even when you are Irving Oliver Bartlett XV. Captain of the Ping-Pong team. The Harvard Ping-Pong team, don't you know.

— 3 —

She was plain as oatmeal and twice as lumpy. I rated her C+ overall. Even if she was kind of boho.

"My name is Naomi Greenbaum," she said, "an American of Hebrew descent."

"I'm a business major," she added. As if I wouldn't have known.

"My name is Irving Oliver Bartlett XV," I said.

"Bartlett," she said. "Like the Midwest grain tycoon?"

"Bartlett," I answered. "Like the pear."

— 4 —

Let me explain why I took her for coffee.

After graduation I planned to write a novel. Not one of those seamy sex jobs. My book would be decent. Uplifting. Something that would employ the "with-it" dialogue of youth suffused with a bittersweetness all its own.

Naomi could help me. I needed help. My major was Greco-Roman antiquities. Try to sell a bunch of moldy statues to Book-of-the-Month.

— 5 —

I invited Naomi to the first match of the season. I don't know if it was her presence or that injection Coach gave me, but I took to the table with a wonderful surge of enthusiasm. A good season and I'd be a sure candidate for the Silver Paddle. Dad had won the Silver Paddle. Twice. But that's another chapter.

"Win one for me, Preppie," Naomi yelled, rattling her pompons and my confidence all at once.

Nope. I wasn't nervous. I just blew my serve and knocked myself out with my own paddle.

— 6 —

Naomi was with me when the lights came back on. She was sitting by the bed figuring prime interest rates with her slide rule.

"That Ping-Pong's some racket," she quipped as we walked through the gym.

"You should see Phil Roth," I said. "One rotten book and he makes 800 thou. And that's not counting film sales or anything!"

Naomi stopped. Her D+ figure cast a C− shadow over the water as we bobbed for apples in the whirlpool bath.

"Preppie," she said, "someday you're going to write a slim novel with short sentences and make a whole pile of money."

I oxygenated my lungs with a breath of locker room air.

"I think . . . I'm in love with you," was all that I could say.

— 7 —

I invited Naomi to the Amherst-Harvard tournament. She didn't come, but Old Quarrypuss did.

Irving Oliver Bartlett XIII had invented the EV-R-SHUT trouser snap. When he was 80, the zipper was introduced. It killed Irving Oliver Bartlett XIII and left Irving Oliver Bartlett XIV, my paterfamilias, to a life of vengeance. After almost 40 years of crusading, Irving Oliver Bartlett XIV still had hopes.

"Somaday! Somaday!" he would chant in his patrician tones. "Somaday you and me gonna make lotsa money ina da pants biz."

"Come to your senses," I would answer, smashing a forehand down the throat of an opponent. "The zipper will never fail. Besides, I have plans of my own. I am going to write a slim novel with short sentences and make a whole pile of money."

"Kiddo," the stone man replied, turning his back on me once more before climbing into his 1943 Frazer Nash, "you nuts in the gorgonzola."

— 8 —

I was injured in the Amherst-Harvard game. We were into a rugged overtime volley and this fag third stringer bit my blessed bad thumb. (Yes, blessed. What kind of best seller can you write if the hero has to *shlep* off to Canada after the second chapter?)

"What happened, Preppie?" Naomi asked as we strolled the quad in this cinematic way we had. "The fruits of your labors?"

"No," I replied. "The labors of a fruit."

— 9 —

I met Naomi's father. His name was Mr. Greenbaum and he ran a delicatessen. I called him Sir. Naomi called him Marcel. I could never understand that. Not even now.

"Marcel," Naomi said, "this is Irving Oliver Bartlett XV. He's a pimple now, but someday he's going to write a slim novel with short sentences and make a whole pile of money."

(continued)

(continued)

Marcel Greenbaum studied me from across the counter.

"Have a piece whitefish," he said.

10

I would like to say something about our physical relationship. Naomi and I had one rule. We never did anything you couldn't publish in *Ladies' Home Journal*. Not that I have anything against sex. It's just dirty. That's all.

11

Hackensack, N. J., is 16 hours from the Mystic River Bridge. As we pulled off the Palisades Parkway and onto Croton Street, I could tell Naomi was impressed.

"Jeepers, Preppie," she said. "Raze that shack, burn that scarecrow, and you could go highrise."

"That shack is my home," I said. "And that scarecrow is Dad."

Later, while we washed up for dinner, Naomi turned to me. "Well, Preppie," she said, "did I pass the test?"

"Sure did," I said. "Hope you do half as well on the Wasserman."

12

Dinner was father's favorite. Frozen Popsicles and Hostess Ho Ho's. For an Irving Oliver Bartlett dinner, it went pretty well. Then Naomi froze her lip to her Fudgsicle and had to be rushed to the nearest clinic, which happened to be a veterinary hospital.

My father and I waited together. I wanted to be with Naomi, but the doctor (a Brooklyn Poly man) said everything would be okel-dokel. Naomi was heeling nicely. Ha ha.

"What do you think?" I asked. "Isn't she a peacheroo?"

"She's a nica girl, but a little longa in the inseam," old Granite Face replied. "Ditch her."

I guess that's when it first hit me. Irving Oliver Bartlett XV may be a cube from the old ice block, but Jeezus! There's a limit, I mean.

"Is it because she's Jewish?" I asked. "Because, Father, as a Bartlett and as a Harvard man, I will not stand for prejudice. Besides, you know how sharp those people are at business."

My father looked at me with eyes blazing. But I knew my own mind. With Naomi at my side, I walked out of his life and began my own. I can still remember our last words.

"Marry uppa da girl," he said, "ana you a finished ina da pants biz."

"Father," I said, "from now on, I wear Bermuda shorts!"

13

We were married the next Sunday. The ceremony took place in one of the buildings my ancestors had given Harvard. It was the sewage disposal plant. The guys from the team were there. So were some of Naomi's boho friends from the Harvard Business School.

The form of the ceremony was Naomi's idea. No minister. No choir. No flowers. Just simple words that would reflect the feelings in our hearts and save us 14 dollars.

I still remember the look on Marcel Greenbaum's face when Naomi read the passage she had chosen for our do-it-yourself ceremony. Then it was my turn. It had been hard finding a piece of poetry I could read without stumbling over big words. But I finally found something that said it all:

"Stocks were sluggish today with only moderate trading in heavy industrials. The 10 most active . . ."

14

My father didn't come to the wedding. He sent a gift. It was a letter from his lawyer. I had been disowned.

15

We spent our honeymoon cruising the Hudson. Just Naomi and me and the Staten Island Ferry. When we left, I wanted to put up a plaque: "Naomi and Irving slept here – when they weren't nauseous." I would have done it, too. Except I couldn't spell nauseous.

When we returned to Cambridge, Naomi found us an apartment in a condemned cocktail onion factory. I wanted to work, but my bride had different ideas.

"You write that book, Preppie," she said. "I'll work and slave. We'll be poor but happy and it'll make dynamite copy."

"But what about you," I asked. "What about *your* happiness?"

"Don't worry about me, Preppie," she said. "This state has community property."

16

It's not all that easy to make a best seller.

Ask Ernie Hemingway (a Princeton man). Ernie Hemingway never made the top of the *New York Times* Best Seller List. Ernie Hemingway could take a lesson from Mrs. Naomi Greenbaum Oliver Bartlett XV.

We were sitting down over dinner. We had bought great Jap sterling steel silverware.

"If they want to laugh," she said, "they watch Red Skelton. If they're gonna shell



out $4.95 for a slim book with short sentences, you gotta give them something to cry about."

I shoveled another forkful of cocktail onions into my mouth and masticated thoughtfully. Sure enough, the tears started coming. Before I knew it, I was bawling like a baby.

"Don't just sit there, Preppie," Naomi yelled, "get to that typewriter!"

I did just that. Two hours and 300 cocktail onions later, I had finished the first 12 chapters.

17

Naomi took a job in a cannery while I tried to finish the novel. I say tried because after 100 pages, I still didn't have the grabber. I scoured back issues of *Modern Romance* until my fingers were stained with ink and the pulp was soggy with tears. Still, I didn't find the plot twist I needed. Then, one night, the answer came to me.

Naomi had come home from work and I decided to have some fun with her.

"Thought you were packing sardines," I said.

"Preppie, I am," she replied. "Who told you different?"

"My nose," I said, "It tells me you're packing smelts!"

Naomi laughed. Then she collapsed.

"Love is all you need," she gasped. "But just to make sure, get a big advance."

18

I took Naomi to the hospital. Her doctor (an alumnus of the Famous Surgeons School) took me aside and laid it on the line.

"She's cashing in," he told me. "We think it's an Oriental disease. Pressure on the eyeball. The Chinese call it pressed duct."

He told me something else: I was the one who would have to tell Naomi.

The next day, I hocked Naomi's high school ring and bought two plane tickets to Atlantic City. When I returned to the hospital, I told my young bride we were going on a vacation.

"But, Preppie," she said, "one of these tickets is round-trip and the other is only one-way!"

I watched the smile fade from her lips and the roses turn ashen in her cheek. I stood there like a big dumb jock and watched. There was nothing else I could do. Except cry. And write it all down.

19

She didn't die that night. She didn't die the next night. In fact, it took four whole chapters before we reached the end. I was on page 127 when I heard her moan.

"Preppie," she asked, "wouldja hold me tight. Wouldja?"

"Of course," I answered, swilling a bottle of Gypsy Rose before hopping into the deathbed with her. Naomi looked scared and I gave her something to hold. My wallet.

"There's something I must know, Preppie," she said. "Who do you see for the movie?"

"Ryan O'Neal and Ali MacGraw," I said.

Naomi groaned and handed back my wallet. It was empty. My God, that girl had spirit.

"She's dying," I cried. "She's young and beautiful and she's dying. Oh, Lord, what is the answer!?"

"Tax-free municipals," Naomi said.

Those were her last words.

20

Marcel Greenbaum was in the waiting room. He was waiting. That was like him. He tried to stop me as I rushed past.

"How about Jack Lemmon for me?" he said.

21

I was crazy with grief when I walked out of the hospital. All I took with me was my love for Naomi and my completed manuscript. Suddenly, there was nowhere I wanted to go. Nothing I wanted to do. I decided to call my agent.

I put a dime in a parking meter and started to dial (I told you I was crazy). Then I saw him. He was standing in front of the hospital watching me. He was my father.

22

"Irving Oliver Bartlett XV," he said, "you should have told me."

"Irving Oliver Bartlett XIV," I said, "you wouldn't have heard."

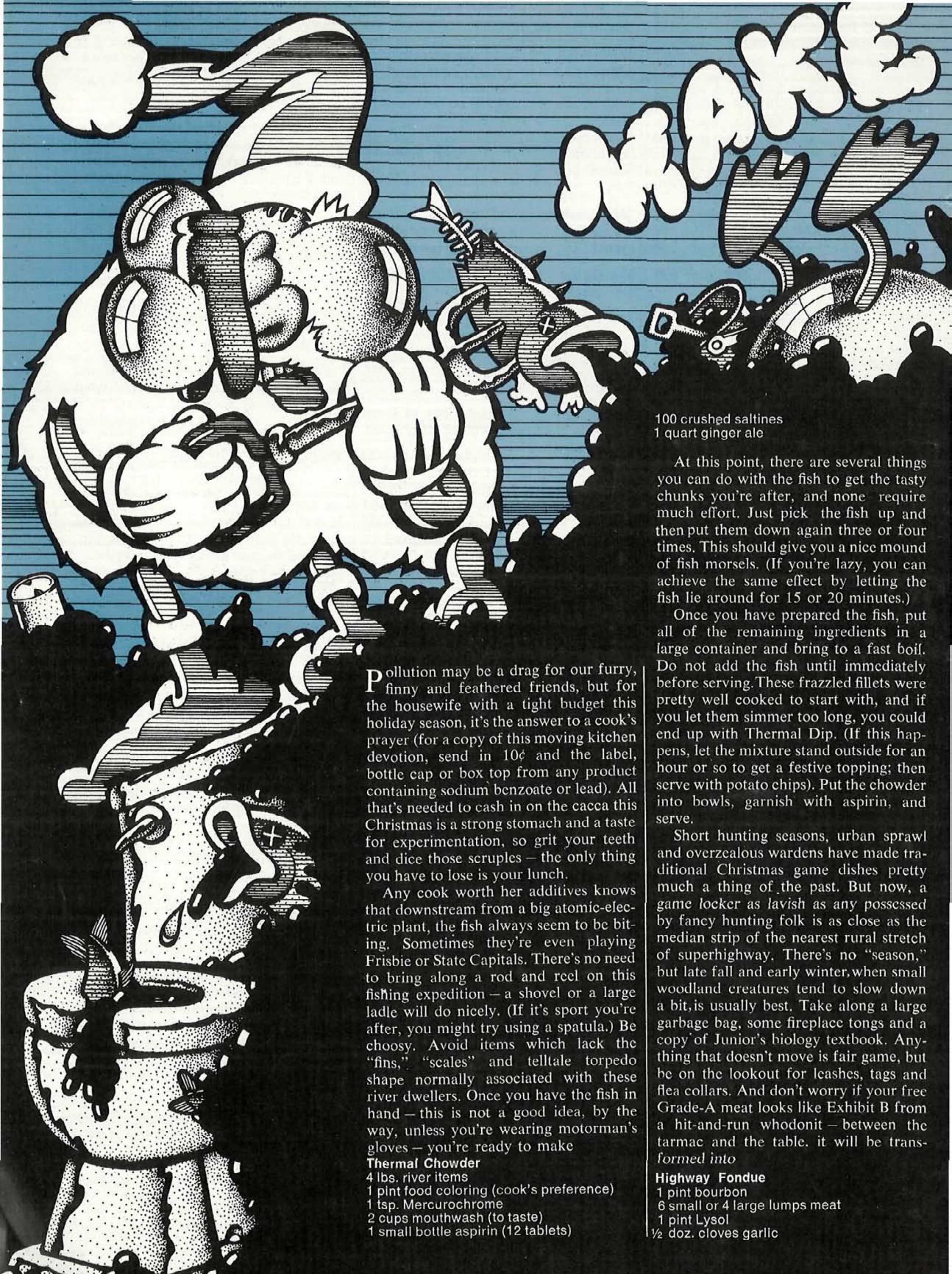
I looked at the man who was my father. My thoughts traveled to the future. A future without Naomi. A future with nothing to comfort me except money and fame, sex-crazed groupies and guest shots on late-night talk shows. Not knowing why, I repeated what I had learned from the beautiful girl now dead.

"Life's like the pants business," I said. "Everything's on the cuff."

And then I did what I had never done in his arms, much less in his pants, I cried.

All the way to the bank. □





100 crushed saltines
1 quart ginger ale

Pollution may be a drag for our furry, finny and feathered friends, but for the housewife with a tight budget this holiday season, it's the answer to a cook's prayer (for a copy of this moving kitchen devotion, send in 10¢ and the label, bottle cap or box top from any product containing sodium benzoate or lead). All that's needed to cash in on the cacca this Christmas is a strong stomach and a taste for experimentation, so grit your teeth and dice those scruples – the only thing you have to lose is your lunch.

Any cook worth her additives knows that downstream from a big atomic-electric plant, the fish always seem to be biting. Sometimes they're even playing Frisbie or State Capitals. There's no need to bring along a rod and reel on this fishing expedition – a shovel or a large ladle will do nicely. (If it's sport you're after, you might try using a spatula.) Be choosy. Avoid items which lack the "fins," "scales" and telltale torpedo shape normally associated with these river dwellers. Once you have the fish in hand – this is not a good idea, by the way, unless you're wearing motorman's gloves – you're ready to make

Thermal Chowder
4 lbs. river items
1 pint food coloring (cook's preference)
1 tsp. Mercurochrome
2 cups mouthwash (to taste)
1 small bottle aspirin (12 tablets)

At this point, there are several things you can do with the fish to get the tasty chunks you're after, and none require much effort. Just pick the fish up and then put them down again three or four times. This should give you a nice mound of fish morsels. (If you're lazy, you can achieve the same effect by letting the fish lie around for 15 or 20 minutes.)

Once you have prepared the fish, put all of the remaining ingredients in a large container and bring to a fast boil. Do not add the fish until immediately before serving. These frazzled fillets were pretty well cooked to start with, and if you let them simmer too long, you could end up with Thermal Dip. (If this happens, let the mixture stand outside for an hour or so to get a festive topping; then serve with potato chips). Put the chowder into bowls, garnish with aspirin, and serve.

Short hunting seasons, urban sprawl and overzealous wardens have made traditional Christmas game dishes pretty much a thing of the past. But now, a game locker as lavish as any possessed by fancy hunting folk is as close as the median strip of the nearest rural stretch of superhighway. There's no "season," but late fall and early winter, when small woodland creatures tend to slow down a bit, is usually best. Take along a large garbage bag, some fireplace tongs and a copy of Junior's biology textbook. Anything that doesn't move is fair game, but be on the lookout for leashes, tags and flea collars. And don't worry if your free Grade-A meat looks like Exhibit B from a hit-and-run whodonit – between the tarmac and the table, it will be transformed into

Highway Fondue
1 pint bourbon
6 small or 4 large lumps meat
1 pint Lysol
½ doz. cloves garlic



1 bottle A-1 Sauce
1 pistol (.38 or .45)
1 can buckshot
½ doz. issues "Guns and Hunting" or "American Sportsman"

Drink the bourbon, then set the meat to cure in a corner of the cellar or attic. Fire about a dozen bullets into the meat, turning it slowly. Remove fur, heads and anything else you recognize. Chop the meat into cube-sized pieces and let soak in mixture of Lysol and A-1 Sauce for at least one hour. Remove and salt lightly with buckshot. Spread magazines around dining room for extra authenticity. Serve meat with individual skewers and table stove so each guest can cook his own. (If meat still looks questionable, smother with half-and-half mixture of glue and hot pea soup and serve as Median Strip Steak).

The beach may seem a strange place to go for a broiler, but that's where the action is these days. You'll be able to find exactly the bird you want, right on the hoof or whatever, and as long as you're not too concerned about having an old-fashioned turkey dinner, this year's holiday dinner will be yours for the picking. Actually, it's pretty hard to tell just what these things are – if you spot a wing or a beak, you're doing better than most. A word of caution: In their last throes, these oven-ready treats can be nasty customers, so bring along a baseball bat. Once you've made your selection (don't let the gooey oil bother you; just think of it as another preservative), pop it into a fireproof container and head for home to prepare

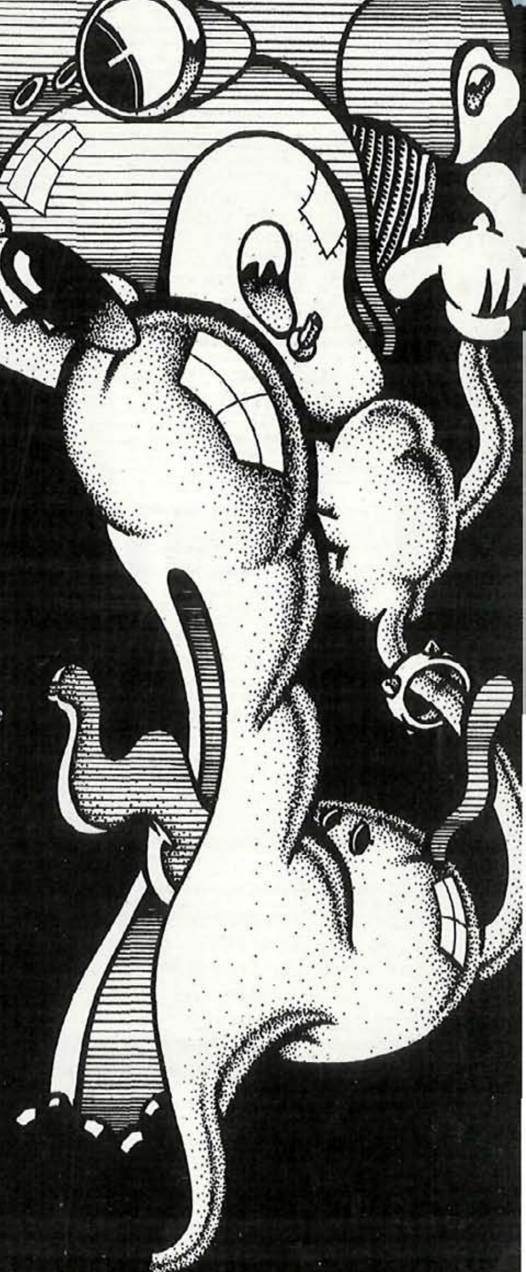
Sea Bird in Oil
1 bird
4 boxes Tide
1 jar cold cream
2 lbs. baking soda
2 quarts Realemon lemon juice
1 empty can olive oil

Clean the bird with a #10 hasp or a heavy duty sander. Do not smoke or use open flame during preparations. Allow the bird to soak for at least one hour in a broth made of 2 parts Tide and one part lemon juice, then baste with cold cream and boil for three hours. Be on the watch for flash fires. Leave empty can of olive oil on top of garbage pail or work table. Serve with a side vegetable with plenty of bulk, like cabbage, for use as a fire blanket if necessary.

If all else fails, you can still impress your family and get a jump on the next generation with a "taste of tomorrow" seasonal dessert. It's a toothsome mixture of out-of-this-world astronaut food, leftovers and some staples of the next decade. Most of the ingredients can be found around the house. And if anyone gets tacky about what they're eating, just remind them of the futuristic nature of

Sump Pudding
4 tubes anything
6 squares unsweetened linoleum
1 pair galoshes
1 pinch cuff dust
1 doz. light bulbs (40 watt)
½ doz. #2 pencils (unsharpened)
2 umbrellas (cut off the handles)
1 doz. pipe cleaners

Run the whole mess through an Insinkerator. Mix with Coca-Cola and let harden in an ashtray. Serve with topping of oven cleaner or Glamorene. Bon apetit. □





Coming Next Month

WOMEN'S LIBERATION

If you're observant, you've spotted the first preparations: A sharpened dust mop in the broom closet; in a dark corner of the garage, an old Insinkerator converted to fire leftovers; under the sink, a rice-powered biscuit mortar made out of an old carpet tube and a double boiler; and for psy-war, just beneath the layer of cube steaks in the freezer, hundreds of cans of Dinty Moore stew and jars of Tang. Or maybe you came home early and found the little woman marching around the kitchen with a sauce pan chanting, "Knit one, purl two, knit one, purl two." You don't need "Mene, Mene, Iron Your Own Shirts" scrawled on the wall in lipstick to know what's cooking.

Any day now, the spark will come. Someone will say, "That hat looks like a cereal box," or, "What's that perfume? You smell like a bus," or, "Whoever gave you a driver's license would give a hunter's license to Richard Speck." There'll be the flash of a bread knife or the dull thud of an insect bomb, and the code words "Lead Dumpling" will be broadcast on the *Arlene Francis Show*. Egg timers will wail, station wagons will maneuver and, in a few short hours, the world as we know it will end. Be prepared for the worst. Read the January issue of *National Lampoon*—considered by some to be the most inflammatory rip-off since Jenkins's ear.

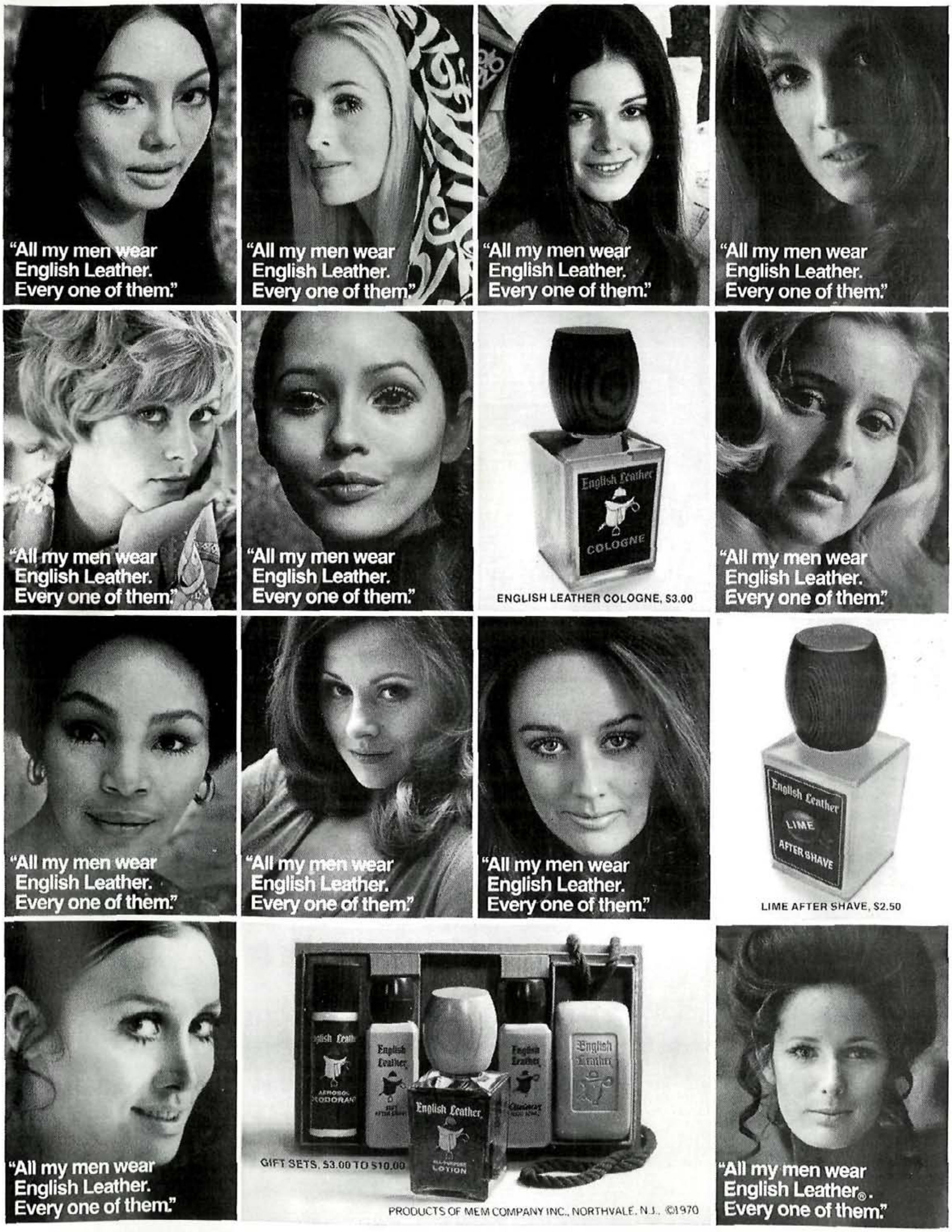
Cosmopolatin / A special insert featuring: Ten Steps to a Quicker Orgasm; How to Spruce Up a Dull Room with Orgasms; Why Johnny Can't Reach Orgasm; What to Feed Your Orgasms; Making a Good Orgasm Soufflé; The Long Orgasm, Will It Catch On?; How to Grow Prize Orgasms; The Key to Playing Winning Orgasm.

The Women's Lib Pinup Calendar / You can do your part to help stop senseless exploitation of women as degraded love-objects by displaying this calendar at your place of work or by just looking at it from time to time in the privacy of your home to remind yourself of the many indignities women have suffered.

The Woman She Killed / At last, literature by women, for women. A classic short story from the well-known author of *A Farewell to Irons, The Cake Also Rises* and *The Old Woman and the Sea.*

Coverage of the Great Women's Strike / Remember those hard days when the rest rooms were picketed, laundromats cost a dollar a load and the National Guard had to be called out to do housework?

Hippity-Hop with Mighty Minerva / A children's book for little girls that strikes a blow against degrading hopscotch rituals, exploitative doll chauvinism and insulting sugar-and-spice attitudes. □


"All my men wear English Leather. Every one of them."
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English Leather
COLOGNE
ENGLISH LEATHER COLOGNE, $3.00
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"All my men wear English Leather. Every one of them."
"All my men wear English Leather. Every one of them."
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AFTER SHAVE
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Benson & Hedges 100's must taste pretty good. Look what people put up with to smoke them.



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The cigarette that
made extra puffs popular.
REGULAR OR MENTHOL